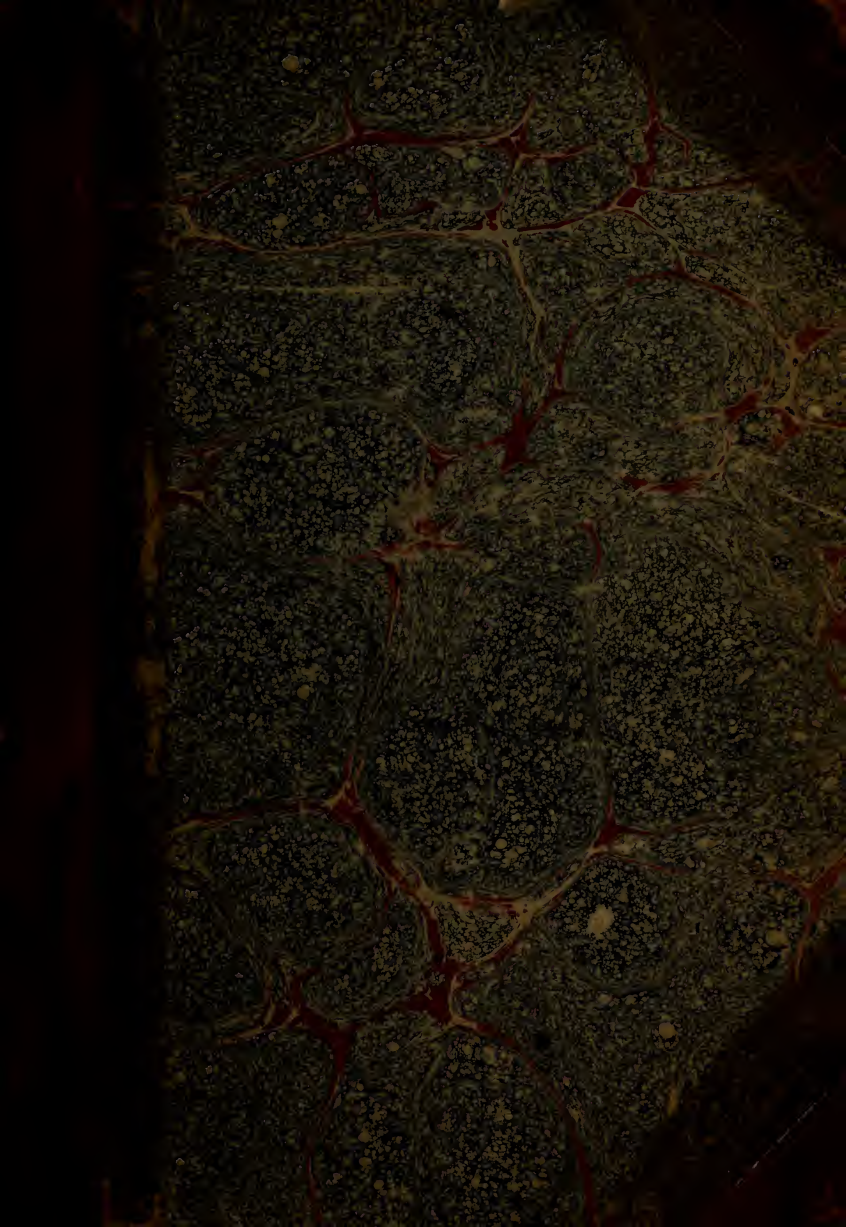




492 Heywood (Thomas) Challenge for Beautie as it hath beene
sundry Times acted at the Globe on the Bankeside 1636

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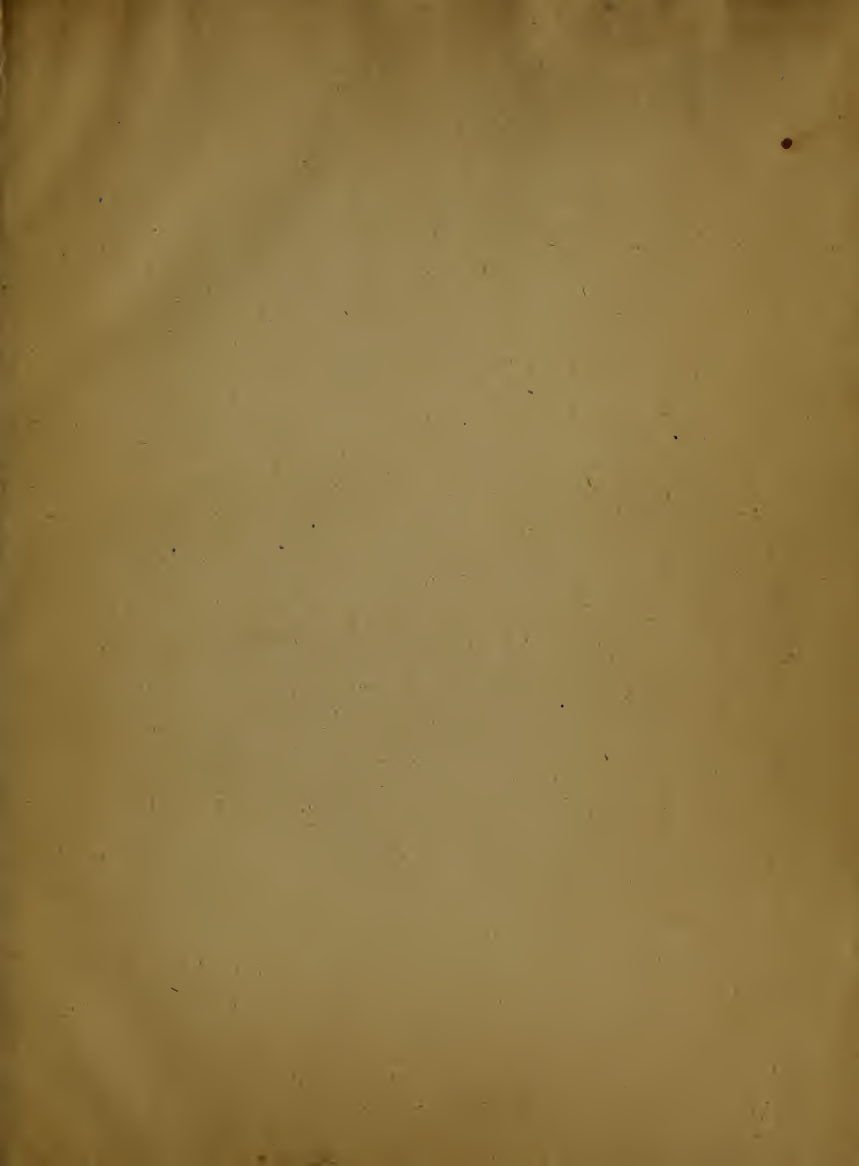


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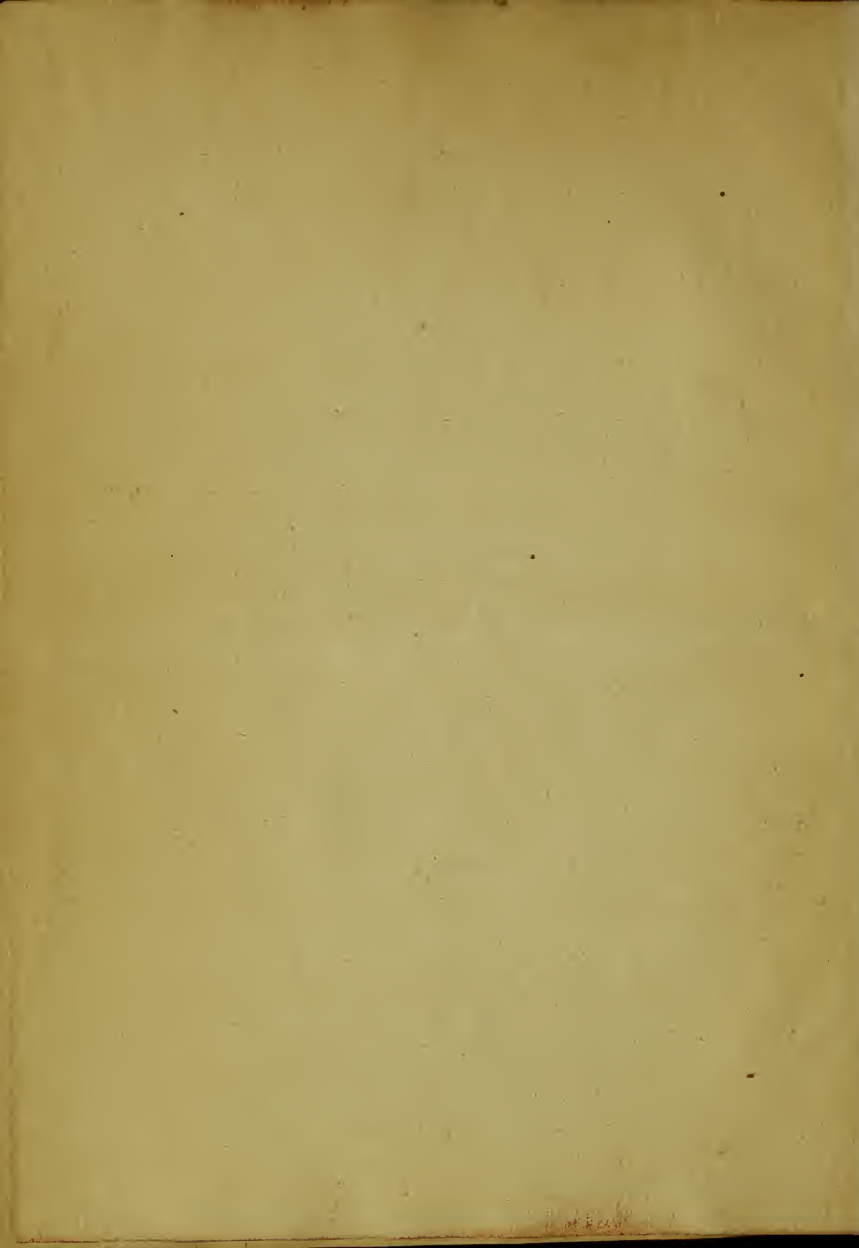
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A
CHALLENGE
FOR
BEAVTIE.

AS IT HATH BEENE SVN-
dry times Acted,

By the KINGS Majesties Servants:

*At the Blacke-friers, and at the Globe on
the Banke-side.*

Aut prodesse solent, aut Delectare.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

L O N D O N.

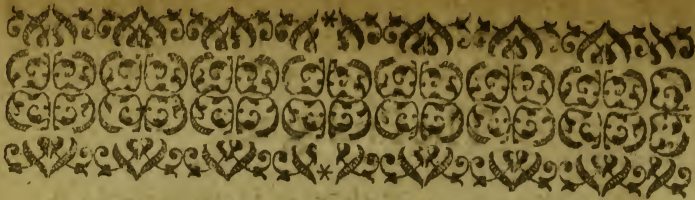
Printed by R. Raworth, and are to be sold by James Becker
at his Shop in the Inner Temple Gate, 1636.

May 1873.

The Prologue.

THe Roman and Athenian Drammaes farre
Differ from us, And those that frequent are
In Italy and France, even in these dayes,
Compar'd with ours, are rather jiggs than Playes :
Like of the Spanish may be said, and Dutch,
None verſt in language, but confesse them ſuch.
They doe not build their projects on that ground,
Nor have their phrases halfe the weight and ſound
Our laboured Scenes have had ; (and yet our Nation,
Already too much taxt for imitation,
In seeking to Ape others) cannot quit
Some of our Poets, who have ſinn'd in it.
For where before great Patriots, Dukes and Kings
Presented for ſome hie facinorious things,
were the Stage-Subiect ; now we ſtrive to flie
In their low pitch, who never could ſoare hie :
For now the common argument intreats,
Of puling Lovers, craftie Bawdes or cheates.
Nor blame I their quick fancies, who can fit
Theſe queaſie Times, with Humours flaſh't in wit ;
whoſe Art I both incourage and commend ;
I only wiſh that they would ſometimes bend
To memorise the valours of ſuch men,
whoſe very names might digniſie the Pen,
And that our (once applauded) Roſcian ſtraine,
In aſſing ſuch might be reviv'd againe :
Which you to countenance, would the Stage make proud,
And Poets ſtrive to key their Strings more loud.

Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

King Sebastian

Queene Isabella

L. Bonavida

Centella

Pineda

Valladaura

Mont. Ferrers

Hellena

Aldana

Petrocella

Leonora

Rosara

Manhurst

The Clowne

Three Englishmen.

King of Portugall.

His proud Queene.

A noble and honest Spanish Lord.

Two Spanish Sycophants.

A noble Spanish Sea Captaine.

A noble English Sea Captaine.

Sister to Ferrers, of incomparable Vertue and Beautie.

Father to Petrocella.

A faire Spanish Ladie.

An ancient Lady, wife to Aldana

Maid to Hellena.

Ferrers hls friend.

Servant to the Lord Bonavida.

Sold for Slaves in Spaine.





A Challenge for Beauty.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter the King of Portugall, Isabella the Queene, the Lord Bonavida, two other Lords, Centella, Pineda, with a great traine of Attendants.

King. **T**He united blood of *Spaine* and *Portugall*,
Now meetes in us; the Hereditary hopes,
That were but in Conception, now have birth,
And what was but Idea, till this day,
Hath put on essence.

Omnes. Ioy to the Prince and Princeesse.

King. This Hayle from you, wee count a blessing to us,
And more then common greeting, as from Gentlemen,
Crown'd both in blood, and vertue.

Isabel. These perhapps,
See with judicall eyes unto those joyes
You gaine by enjoying us.

King. Wee find them great.

Isabel. But great? wee look'd for a superlative,
And if there be a fit, and knowne degree,
Above compare; to have binne mark'd with that:
Wee would not have a thought conceiv'd of us,
But should be mix'd with rapture, and what you
Terme joy, transported into extasie,
But great?

Bona. Mee-thinkes addition great enough
For any mortall Woman.

Centella.

Cent. To such goodnesse,
Your highnesse might have lent an attribute
Of farre more weight, and splendor.

King. Teach us that ?

Isabel. I shall, who would be weigh'd unto my worth,
And yet in all my payse not loose a dram,
Put you the proudest Lady in one scale,
And mee into another.

Bona. You shall mount her — If pride will do 't.

Isabel. This Beauty, Vertue, Birth,
Shall unto mine owne Center sinke my selfe,
And lift her, unto nought save smoake and Ayre.

Pine. Nay, that upon my knowledge.

King. Faire *Isabella*,
Instruēt mee modestly in what I erre,
And if I shall but skant you in the least,
Ile make you large amends.

Isabel. Why even in that,
In tearming mee but faire, faire *Isabella* ?
It is a Milke-maides title, every Swaine
Bestowes it on his Mistris, nere so meane,
Your City damsell scornes the word, because
'Tis common in the Country ; and shall wee
Bred in the Courts rich glory, intertain 't ?
What's great and faire ? wee would be term'd divine.
Such as would give us our full character,
Must search for Epithites, and studie phrase.

Bona. Examine but plaine *Mantuan*, and hee'l tell you, what
woman is.

Isabel. Great Prince of *Portugall*,
Observe in me thine happinesse, thanke not Heaven
So much that thou wert borne, nor borne a Prince,
But that thou injoy'st us : For that great blessing
Givethy Creation thanks.

Cent. So he well may.

Isabel. Behold I here expose me to all eyes,
To universal censure. Lives a Lady
Greater in Blood ? if any that gaine say

Spaine shall maintaine it by her potency;
Search *Italy* and all these Climes beyond,
Come by the Alps backe, and view France throughout,
Produce me the most excellent German Froae,
Examine *England*, which some say breeds beauties
Beyond all these, and Prince; your *Portugall*
To equall this; this? doe I boast of those
That are not mine? say wee ascribe our birth
Onely to Fortune, and to nature forme,
Count both these accidentall, there's a third
Vertue remains: and even in that wee dare
With any Princeesse of the World contest.
Come, your free censures Lords.

Pineda, Madam I hold you
In least of these not to be parallell'd.
Contessa, In my opinion, Madam, you so farre
Exceed all these that yet mine eyes have seene
Nay heard, or read of.

Bonavid. O base flattery!

Cent. That unto those beforetime wondred at,
You in our age appeare a miracle,
And never to be matcht.

Isabella. We observe in you,
A kind of inforced silence mixt with scornes,
Your tongue hath beene so back-ward to pronounce
So definitive a sentence.

Bonavid. Know then Madam,
I must confesse (although a womans sonne)
Yet cannot I dissemble, neither would I,
Should I be rackt and tortured, then with pardon
Vnto the Prince and you, thus much I thinke,
I not deny, but you by birth are royall.
Beautions, or else I should condemne mine eyes,
And say they were false lights; for your knowne vertues,
Traytor he were, that should but question them,
I make this attestation, yet sweet Princeesse,
These praises you conferre upon your selfe
Though they be just and true from your owne Tongue

Loose part of their great luster, in these, or mee,
They would have had more sweetnesse, better sownd,
But from a *Tuskan* tongue, or *Porteguisse*,
English or *French*, or any Strangers mouth,
Much more harmonious relish; I have held it
Still as a *Maxime*, my best Iudging dayes,
Such doubt their worths, are forc'd themselves to prayse.

Isa. Who fitter to speake trueth, then Trueth's own tongue ?

Bona. Yet arrogance in Trueth may blemish it.

Isabel. Of Arrogance us ?

Bona. Call't if you please, Selfe-love :

Besides, in man or woman, since the first
Nature hath yeelded none so absolute,
To whom she made no fellow. First for beautie,
If *Greece* afforded a fayre *Hellen*, *Troy*
Her paralleld with a *Polyxena* :

For Wisedome, *Rome* presented a *Cornelia*,
And *Lidia* a *Sasipatra* : Chastity ?

Lucrece, of whom the *Romanes* so much boast :
Did not the selfe same Citie breede a *Portia*,
Who when she heard her husband *Brutus* slaine,
Kept from all other Engines, swallowed fire,
And by that meanes to meete with him in death,
Of such I could produce yet Infinite ;
And Madam, though I must confesse you rare,
And most compleatly perfect in all these,
Yet not so choice a piece, but the wide world
May yeeld you a competitor.

Isabel. As you are, Prince,
And ever hope to have the sweete fruition
Of those pure gifts, that man so much disdaines ;
Grant mee one free demand.

King. Speake and obtaine.

Isabel. His banishment from *Spaine* and *Portugall*,
Never hereafter to bee capable
Of Honor, of Renowne, place, or office,
Till hee can find, produce, and set before vs,
Our match in Face and boiome, birth wee set by,

But

But be shee woman, and can ballance us,
In both, or either, he redeemes his exile
Without such, to returne, forfeits his head,
Denie this Prince, you banish us your bed.

King. Most unpeer'd Lady, that, not for ten Worlds,
For if an husband can a vassaile bee,
To such approved vertues; I am hee:
Lord *Bonavida*, you have from her tongue
An expresse doome, that cannot bee revok't;
Tis like the *Persian* seale vnalterable:
And come my divine Princeesse; Hee shall knowe,
In his Iust doome, what zeale to you wee owe. *Exit K. & Isa.*

Bona. Is this Trueth's merit? Can the Court find place
For none but flatterers, and must I be made
The first example of her Tyrannie?
Shall I be made a president through *Spaine*,
To deterre men from speaking in the Court
What's Iust and honest? Nay, wee terme this law,
Or meere oppression. What an Infinite taske
Am I confin'd too? One as vertuous
No Cloister scarce but could supply me with,
And never travell further; but the doubt is,
Whether it harbour in so smooth a skinne;
As faire a face, I might with ease produce,
But Where's the Vertue then? since few there are
That weare both these ascriptions, Chaste, and fayre:
In all his twelue great labours, *Hercules*
Was not thus task'd by *Inno*.

Enter the Clowne.

Clow. Ill newes flies apace, and hath pluck't mee by the eares
already, well, whosoever pronounc'd that sentence; I hope no
body heares mee: I would his *Portugall* skinne were tann'd in-
to *Spanish* Leather, and either cut into some slovenly Boote, to
be dabled in the durt without a Galoach, or snip'd into a *Saint*
Martines Jerkin, that never came within the sent of a perfumers
shoppe.

Bona. Had shee propos'd to find her match for pride,
There had binne then no helpe, no hope at all;

For that had bin the harder taske of two.

Clow. In stead of confin'd had his doome beene to have been coffin'd, there had beene some comfort, he might have still kept his Country, but in plaine *Portenguisse* and *Spanish*, both banisht *Bona.* I am sure thou hearest the newes.

Clow. How can I chuse, being in the mouth of every Diego, which I no sooner heard, but I so sought that I might finde you, and so finde you neuer hereafter to lose you, for without you this is no place for mee, and without mee no Country can bee a Country for you. And so a Figge for *Spaine*, and a-Prune for *Portugall*.

Bona. I both accept and will reward thy love,
If ere my Fate be to revisite home.
First these, then severall Countries we will trie,
To finde out this choyse peece. *Clow.* That's you and I.

Enter Petrosella, Aldana her father.

Exeunt

Ald. Why how! mistris daughter, have you conquered the West *Indies*, that you weare a gold Mine on your backe, this wearing will make your fathers revenewes shrink.

Petr. Ile be so bold as stretch them on the tenters and they do

Ald. Y^e are a good Jewell the whilstt.

Petr. And Jewells must be set in gold father, Ile not lose the least dram of my lustre.

Ald. You will not, and to what end suits all this bravery pray?

Petr. To a good end if my Ayme bee steady. Heare you the Newes at Court.

Ald. Of *Valladares* fight at Sea; is this golden baite for him?

Petr. 'Las poore Sea-calse: tis not his love I angle for, I fish deeper streames and for a richer draught, have you not heard of *Bonavida's* fortunes?

Ald. To parallell the Queene in beauty and vertue? which he can never doe.

Petr. Which he may easily doe, her Prerogative of birth set apart what blemish doe you see in mee that I may not bee the woman?

Ald. Thou foolish girle: then compare a Glow-worme with

with a Starre, a Starre with the Sunne.

Petr. And the Sunne with a Burning glasse : Come, come, you're dim-sighted Father, could you see with my eyes, and judge with my understanding, your comparison would hold *e contrario* I assure you : thy hasty newes ?

Enter servant.

Ser. A Noble Gentleman—

Petr. Would speake with mee; (*Bonavide* in my Conscience) Is't not so fellow ?

Ser. I am not familiar with his name : He is of a noble aspect.

Petr. It can be none but hee, give mee fresh ornaments, see your error now father, *Cupid* and *Venus*, rich and new attires : *Bonavide* come? live in my cheeke sweet beauty : Eloquence attend my tongue, and perfection my behaviour : Came hee on horsebacke or Caroach'r.

Ser. Neither of either. He is new come from Sea.

Petr. Certainly he having lost his labour in forraine search he meetes his hopes at home, the more my honour still: flye and admit him. Your Counsell father, shall I seeme strange or familiar, wanton or serious, affable or peevish, I am as full of humors as an *April* day of variety, how shall I beare my selfe?

Ald. Ene in the mid'st meane, daughter, or let me see and thou wilt be rul'd by me, beare thy selfe—E'ne how thou wilt, provided it be to thine owne profit, and my further honour : Noble *Bonavide* has *Valladaur*' a Daughter? do you know this gallant?

Petr. *Valladaura* I hate, this gentleman acquainted with my beauty, reveald it to *Bonavide* : Sir you have bound mee to you, and comes to usher him to my presence.

Ald. Marry and wellcome, my further honour still.

Petr. We stay his comming, pray Sir so returne him.

Vall. Whose comming ?

Petr. His, your Masters *Bonavide*'s.

Vall. You speake Riddles to me.

Petr. Be your owne *Oedipus* and dissolve them then.

Ald. Come not you *Nuntius* from *Bonavida* Sir ?

Vall. I am mine owne *Nuntius* and my Errand's love.

Ald. I heare no hurt, my further honour still.

Vall. Which I am come in person to deliver

To this rare beauty. *Ald.* Honour upon honour.

Petr. My fortunes flie of to strong a wing, to stoope so low a pitch, is not *Bonavida* come yet?

Ald. As much as ere he will I thinke, *Valladoura's* a prettie piece of flesh ceaze him: play not *Esops* cur, loſe not the substance in expectation of the shadow: 'tis a dog trick many Ladies have practis'd: bosome him, doe. *Petr.* What, this meane creature?

Ald. And he were meaner, so thou getst profit, and thy father honour by't.

Vall. Are all my hopes repaid with scorne?

Ald. He begins to recoyle, clap him close to thy breast, hee's gone else. *Petr.* Nay, *Valladoura.*

Vall. Have I laid out more breath
In sacrificing vowes, and fruitlesse Sonnets
Vnto that beantious shrine, than ere man did?

Petr. Come, be not passionate, though I know both my worth and beauty, and understand what Orbe they move into: I am not so much infected with that same Court-sicknesse *Philautia*, or selfe-love, to scorne the service of any generous Spirit.

Ald. How, neither for thy profit, nor thy fathers honour?

Petr. In sober conference then, what bounded service have you ever done my beauty, that may challenge the least interest in my love?

Vall. As many as man can, I writ my selfe
(And truly) lover ere I could write man,
Passing my service as a star, where she
The blest *Idea* of thy glorious feature,
Drawne by the curious working of my thoughts,
Gave me the better, I put out to Sea,
And there—— *Petr.* What did you?

Ald. For thy honour now; what didst at Sea?

Vall. As much as any man——

Ald. That did no more than thou didst, thy further honor stil.

Vall. Somewhat I did: but what, let these deepe wounds
Vndrest and unbound up deliver.

Petr. They are tongue-tide, and cannot speak for blushing, pretty ornaments for a souldier, how came you by them tro? honestly

Vall. As noble *Hector* did by his, but by

An enemy farre more valiant than his.

Ald. I like that well, thy further honour still.

Vall. At Sea I met with a bold man of war,
And somewhat more, an Englishman : Oh had
Your eye (but fate denied that blessednesse)
Witnest our bearing, and how far the thought
Of you and your rare beauty carried me
Above my strength.

Petr. I should have said what you are forc't to acknowledge
that my beauty had been the better man.

Ald. I am proud of that, my further honour still.

Pe. All this while you are beholding to my beauty, & I nothing
in debt to your valour, which for ought I gather, is nothing at all.

Vall. Nothing ? to enter, and hold single combat
With such a daring of posite, nothing, to take
These dangerous wounds, and bring 'em home undrest?

Petr. 'Twas I confesse somewhat to take these wounds, yet in
my minde he that gives the cognizance has more reason to boast
of it, than hee that weares it : shew mee the man that gave you
these wounds, and I'll commend his valour.

Ald. For giving of 'em ? Knight there's small honour in ta-
king of 'em though in my judgement, but what was he ?

Vall. A man whose noble valour I must speake.

Petr. Good reason, he has paid you soundly for't afore hand.

Vall. In love and honour I shall ever serve him.

Petr. So I thought, for you weare a livery of his, cut to the skin
and lin'd with Crimson : had you gin't him, I should have cane
you for the Master. But pardon me, I soare too high for a serving-
man, you eare, I am modest, away, hie to the suburbs, bribe
some honest Barbar surgeon to wash off your dishonor and heale
your infamy.

That done once, learne this tenet of the war,
The honour's more to give than weare a scar.
Each coward may doe that.

Exit.

Vall. 'Tis not my fate, but mine owne imperfection,
That makes the act in it selfe good and laudable,
Ill and distastfull, were my services
Done by some other, they must needs become

And

And grace the owner, were my words deliv'd
From any tongue but mine, they could not choose
But win attention: Had my love beene bred
In any breast but mine, it could not thus
Be scorn'd and baffled. I of all the world
Am most unfortunate, neither act, word, or love
Can please your audience, or compassion move.

Exit.

Actus secundus Scena prima.

Enter Lo. Bonavide and the Clowne.

Bona. **A**fter our tedious travells wee at length
Are safe arriv'd in England, speake what use
Hast made of our long Voyage?

Clow. Such as Travellers use, for by long practise I am now at
length growne perfect, and the truth is I can lie in any language.

Bona. But in our quest of this rare piece of beauty
And Vertue mixt, to rivall the great Princeesse,
What thinkest thou of our triall made in *Spaine*?

Clow. I thinke of it as I ever did, that's as of a bottle of hay,
and the Creature you talke of, a Needle, a very Spanish Needle,
which I feare you wil never live to hit ful in the cie: *Spayne*! there
are so many Mores int, that I know you would hope of nothing
lesse: besides the most beauties of *Spaine* have been oft in *Civill*.

Bona. What then of *Portugall*?

Clow. Worse then the tother: the Women there are for the
most part like their Orindges, the sayrer the outside the rotten-
ner within, and the sounder at the heart, the rougher the skinne;
the Country is too hot, too hot.

Bona. What of the *Russian* then?

Clow. As of a Country too cold, and in cold countries I know
we should have but cold comfort, besides the women goe wrapt
in so much fur, that of necessity they must have more haire. then
wit, besides they cannot be wise they have so much adoo to keep
themselves warme, and more than that, what might the Prince
and

and Princesses thinke, if after all our long travells, wee should come home, and present them with a rush?

Bona. Which only taking her great title of Is worth more than her selfe, of *Italy*
Then give me thy true censure.

Clow. The cleane contrary way, oh, my Lord, there are so many *Italian* Locks, that I know it was impossible your owne key should open them all. Moreover these that are naturally jealous of their women, it is probable their women naturally give them cause. *Bona.* For *France*.

Clow. What the pox should we speake of that, knowing what is bred in the bone, will hardly out of the flesh?

Bona. The women of high *Germany*?

Clow. A place that I should highly stand for, if the Princesses had impos'd on us a chalenge for drinking.

Bona. Of the *Low-Countries* then.

Clow. In *Flushing*, there is good riding, but not without danger. For many at a high tide, have beene like to have beene cast away in the road. At *Middleborough*, night or day you could scarce finde the Exchange empty. At *Bristles*, if you remember you were us'd but roughly: At *Sluce* we were both well wash't, *Nimtingham* bid you looke to your *Skence*: and *Ostend*, beware the Cat. *Don-hague* is full of Witches, and had wee but tutcht at *Rot* or *Dam*, ten to one we had never come off sound men. Much adoo wee had to finde *New-Port*: Therefore if ever you come to *Bergen*, see you make it wisely.

Bona. And now, there's hope I shall, this *Albion* That fitly beares name of his chalky cliffs,
Breeds wondrous choyse of Beauties, wise, and lovely,
Scarce to be match't in all the world besides,
'Mongst which I have took particular view of one,
Whom had the *Trojan* Ravisher beheld,
Troy had still stood, the Queene of Love disgrac't,
And she alone had gain'd the golden prize,
For which the three celestiall beauties strove.

Clow. I grant you the face, but if shee should prove rotten at the heart, there's the question.

Bona. I thinke none to be made. First for her birth,

I have inquir'd her noble : For her breeding,
 It hath been 'mongst her equalls, and so farre
 From least taxation, to the sayle of tongues,
 It merits imitation ; of her chastity
 Some proofes I have made, and found it like the Diamond,
 Save by a Diamond never to be wrought.
 Could opportunity have mov'd, words tempted,
 Perswasions tooke effect, or guifts prevail'd,
 Beneath my much importance shee had falne :
 But like a promontory rocke shee stands,
 At all the curled Oceans wrath unmov'd,
 Telling the gufts, and bearing every storme,
 Yet on such vertues are her bases fixt,
 Shee is not to be shaken, then in her
 My travells take their period.

Clow. Then I would shee and you were agreed, that you
 might come to a full poynt : and here shee comes, now or ne-
 ver make a full conclusion, and write *Finis*.

Enter Leonera and her Daughter.

Leo. Daughter,

What thinke you of this stranger ?

Helle. As a stranger.

Leo. Of his carriage and complement.

Helle. As things for which he hath travell'd, 'tis easie
 For him that hath the liberty of many
 Grounds to picke himsef a choyse Nosegay,
 And hee that hath travell'd so many Countries,
 Out of every one peculiarizing what's best ;
 With what small difficulty may such a one
 Appeare complementall ?

Leo. His proffers to you were large.

Helle. And the performance may perhaps prove like
 His journey, long.

Leo. What thinke you of his person ?

Helle. That there's many one cannot pray so well as
 He, that is better benefici't.

Leo.

Leo. But say hee had power to performe all that hee hath promised.

Helle. Onely this, that I have power in my selfe to say
More then I have yet either promis'd him, or
You to utter.

Clow. Did you not heare her talke of utter, for shame Sir,
either utter your minde now to the full, or else utterly give
it over.

Bona. Madam, What say you to my suit?

Helle. I needes must say Sir, it becomes you well,
Graces your person, and your person it :
I like both Stuffs and fashion.

Bona. Oh, sweet Lady,
'Tis good to play with such a use to sport,
But with the staide be serious.

Clow. Now whilst they are in talke, will I hold some dis-
course or other with the old Gentlewoman: because shee shall
not interrupt them.

May it please your old Ladyship———— *Hee takes her aside.*

Leo. Out of this fellow, I may finde perhaps
That which his Master would have loath reveald,
I'll joyne with him in conference.

Helle. Since you tax me of jest, I charge you Sir
Henceforth to speake all earnest, or stand mute,

Bona. I vow it by my greatest blisse on earth,
(My hopes I have in you.)

Helle. Ile try your faith,
Have you in all the countries you have travell'd
Never made proafe of Lady?

Bona. Yes, in all,
And in each clime, of many.

Helle. Nay, I thought what I should finde you, trust a stran-
gers love as gold to court the winde. If then such numbers,
Why, after all these trialls make you me
The last of all your t'ales?

Bona. Last of my hopes,
Or period of my wishes, had you said,
I should have answered then, onely because

Of all you are most perfect.

Helle. Now you flatter.

Leo. A Lord said'st thou?

Clowne. I, and I assure your Ladiship, ally'de to the best
Grandoes of *Spaine*. nay more then so, ———

Bona. As I confesse you perfect, I intreate
Let not my merited prayles make you proud,
And vie your owne worth; I shall wonder then:
Know Madam, that I left my Countrey *Spaine*,
And there my many honours, not of pleasure,
But by compulsive force, unwillingly,
My voyage purposely to find out you,
Which ere I could, I have travell'd Kingdomes through,
Search'd Courts, examin'd Cities, nay even Villages.

Helle. For mee?

Bona. For you; for the chiefe Paragon
Of Beautie match't with Vertue; therefore you
For one to rivall the great *Spanish* Princeesse,
Matchlesse in both, through halfe the world, save you,
Indeede I flatter not, you are that Myne,
(Oh Lady, might I truly say that Mine:)
No *India* yeelds, save this, but thine; the sunne
To out-shinethat candle, none but this cleere splendor,
Dimmes her imperfect glories; You by this
Shall winne your selfe a name through all the world,
And purchase admiration: mee that so
Have pry'd you, and esteem'd you, marking you
Mongst thousands, for a piece unparalleld:
Before all things, my Countrey, Honors, Friends,
That else like a poore exile forfeit all,
And Lady, you the cause on't: If my Love,
Grounded upon such strong opinion
Merit repulse; if you will looe your selfe,
And hazard mee, that have my head engag'd
To make this good: I onely shall report
The strangest thing in my long search I finde,
Beautie with Vertue mixt, prov'd both unkinde.

Helle. Which should I be? — pray give me leave to pause,

And

And then expect my answer.

Leo. And hath hee chus'd her out amongst so many ?

Clow. Yes, and meanes to make her a great Lady, to possesse her of all his fortunes, to put downe all the prime Ladies of *Spaine* : and for Beautie and Vertue, to bee preferr'd before the great Princeesse herselfe.

Leo. To this, should shee not willingly assent,
Shee were no more my daughter.

Bona. Now, your answer.

Helle. Should this be true, that you preferre this face
Before the beauties of so many clymes :
And that your life and meanes soly depend,
There to expose it freely, I should much
Digresse from honor, to neglect such love,
And should I not in unseene Vertue strive
To equall that seene beautie you so prayse,
I should then much wrong that great character
You have bestow'd upon mee.

Leo. Which you shall not ;
Daughter, I say you shall not ; Sir, shee's yours,
Or I disclaime her ever.

Helle. Pray good mother,
A little pardon mee ; how shall I know
What heere you promise, you can there make good.

Clow. If you distrust his word, take mine, which will passe
in *Spaine* for more Myrauids, then the best Squiers in *England*
for Farthing-tokens.

Bona. That you may know it is not lust, but love,
And the true speculation I have tane,
In both these adjuncts, that proclaime you rare,
That 'tis to have you denison'd in *Spaine*,
Be instated in my liberall fortunes there,
To appeare in Court a forraigne miracle,
And not to make you heere my Prostitute ;
I onely begge your promise, that, being granted,
Ile backe into my Countrey, tell the Princeesse,
What heere in *England* I have seene and found,
My peace being made, I will returne thus farre,

To fixe you in that spheare a splendant starre,
And this is all I crave.

Leo. 'Tis just, and honest,
In this can be no fallacie at all.

Helle. As trueth then I accept it, and am yours.

Bona. And Lady, I your creature: For by you
I am new made; as Mistris of this contract.
Accept this Ring, which never part withall,
But to my selfe in person.

Helle. Not in death,
T' shall with me to my grave.

Bona. To prove your constancy,
One Imposition more; there may be traines
Layd to intrap our love, to injure you,
And forfeit mee, therefore till my returne,
Which shall be with what suddenesse I can:
Be showne unto no stranger.

Helle. These I vow,
And pray you keepe this token with that care
That I shall your commands, on this presume.
Of which, through all *Hesperia* you may boast,
Though my face please, yet shall my vertue most.

Bona. Thou hast lost *Isabella*; and I gain'd
Me an Empire by my travell: I by you
Am new created, being lost and gone,
With this most sweete addition, two in one.

Clow. A good hearing, and I and the old Gentlewoman are
both witnessses to the bargaen.

Exeunt.

Enter Valladaura, solus.

Valla. Approve no act, tho nere so well becoming
Part, so well beautified, phrase aptly languag'd,
To the very Tone and Accent of the Time,
But seemes in me defam'd and rusticali;
None can indure my sight, all things I doe
Are construed to the worst; I walke the streetes,
Salute I all I meete, none resaluteth mee,

But

But looke askue, and point, and laugh at mee,
As who should say; See *Petrocella*s Scorne,
And that which wounds me deeper then death can,
The more I strive to make me worth her love,
So much the more unworthy shee reputes mee.

Enter Pineda, and Centella, conferring.

Pine. And faith what think'st of *Bonavidaes* undertaking?

Cent. As of the man himselfe, most frivolous and idle;

He parallel the Queene? ha, ha, ha.

Valla. They speake of mee, and seale it with a smile:

That I could sinke, and hide me in the Center.

Pine. Bold *Valladaura*, well return'd from Sea: wee heare——

Valla. Of my disgrace, what a swift wing has Rumor?

Cent. You met a bold and noble opposite.

Valla. Have you heard that too?

Pine. But beautionous *Petrocella*——

Valla. Shee has told all: I shall be Ballated,
Sung up and downe by Minstrills? Gentlemen,
Tho my successe fell short of my intent,
Let it meete faire construction.

Pine. It deserves no lesse.

Cent. Your noble bearing, has given our moderne gallants
Plaine-song to descant on.

Valla. They scoffe me palpably: but noble friends,
Such I have ever reckon'd you, Let's change
Discourse a while in private. *Walke and conferre.*

*Enter Turkish Captaine, Mont Ferars, Monhurst, Prisoners.
With others.*

Turk. Of all the Christians this armie ever try'd,
You come the neereft men: What Countrey?

Fera. England.

Turk. Y^r Nobly Spirited: Have you got your ransomes?

Manb. None but our lives.

Fer. Them thus wee tender.

Turk. They are Jewells:

Wee

We rather wish to weare, than part withall,
But need commands us to make instant sale;
To the Male-Market with 'em, each man carries
His price upon his shoulder, goe goe, try the Market,
Our selfe will stay, and answer customers.

Vall. Y'ave given both me and my feares satisfaction,
I shall report you noble, and esteeme my credit
Much richer than I did: As I said, my opposer
Had man-enough in him, and indeed more
Then I have knowne in many.

Pyn. The Land breeds few other: what's here, a Market of
Slaves?

Vall. Manly proportions? Ha! *Mont. Ferrers?*

Fer. Death!

My mortall foe? how is my poore life hunted?

Vall. You doe not know me?

Fer. I must give you the lie, to say I doe.

Vall. 'Tis surely hee, yet if it be, mischance
Has made him much unlike himselfe, when he
And I vy'd valour on the purple deck,
He wore a looke more manly; I'll try further.
Were you nere Captaine of a Ship at Sea?

Fer. I had nere been slave unto a Turke, a shore else.

Vall. Of England? your name *Ferrers*?

Fer. Rather than deny —

My name and Country, I'll acknowledge any
Thing base or deadly: I confesse you know me,

Vall. You shall know me too, ere we part.

Fer. I shall?

Vall. Vnto some cost you shall, trust tot.

Fer. If Fate

Exit.

Has writ my name in her blacke booke: and this
The hind-most minute of my howers, I scorne
To bribe the Beldame to wipe't out againe.

Pyn. You know the Gentleman confer'd with you?

Fer. For a bold Foe, and a proud Spaniard.

Pyn. You may have cause to say so: h'as sent your Ransome.

Fer. My ransome? Why? Why should he ransome me?

Nay

Nay rather, why should I aske that ? I saw
Inveterate hate flame in his burning eye,
He frees me from slight bondage of the Turke
To slave me to himselfe, and exercise
New tyranny: he meets a living grave
That's vassall unto him, was once his slave;
That fate o'retakes me : I will not accept it.

Mon. Your reason ?

Fer. Not that I desire to live
Slave to a Turke, or feare the bloodie usage
Of an ambitious Spanyard : Death is but death
What shape so ere he comes in.

Pin. Why are ye so loath to meete him then ?

Fer. Though you cannot inforce so much, Ile tell you,
See you this man ? One that with me hath fronted
The wrath, and utmost violence of Fate,
Should mine owne Countymen, nay, naturall mother,
Or my kind Sister, whose faire eyes I honour,
Should the best Lord of these have sent my ransome,
Had it come single without his, as this,
I would have spurn'd, and sent it backe.

Cent. You would Sir ? We shall returne so much.

Pin. And be perswaded to finde usage answerable to your
Contempt. *Exit.*

Man. Why for my sake doe you neglect your freedome ?

Fer. Because for mine, thou hast not lov'd thy life,
But throwne it upon dangers more than common ;
Because for me, thou left'st thy native land,
Father and Friends, and to make me a fortune
Vnmade thine owne ; gav'st both thy selfe and fate
Wholly to me ; thinke me not so unjust
To lose a Jewell made o're to me in trust.
But they returne.

Enter Pineda and Castella.

Pin. Here's both their Ransomes, *Throwes downe the bags.*

Turk. And theres both the slaves,
A better peny-worth of flesh and bloud

Turk never sold.

Fer. Nor Christian but a Spanyard
Would ere have bought.

Pin. Oh yes, your English Iewes, they'le buy and sell their fathers, prostrate their wives, and make money of their own children, the male stewes can witness that : come on Sir, you must along.

Mon. How, must ?

Cent. And shall, prating you English slave ?

Enter Valladaura.

Vall. You know me now ?

Fer. Yes truly, for a Tirant,
And bloody hangman : had I knowne thee halfe so well,
When on the Deck I had thee at my mercy,
I would have ground my sword upon thy bones,
And writ my freedome in thy blood.

Vall. I live,
To doe the like by thee ———

Fer. And I breathe yet,
To dare thee to thy utmost : and may winne
More honour of thee, by my manly suffering,
Than thou, by base inflicting : My friend and I
Like two chaine-bullets, side by side, will fly
Thorow the jawes of death.

Vall. A strong resolve,
But I shall quickly weaken, sunder them,
With hin there — quicke, that Paper will point out
Diet and lodging for him. *speakes to a servant.*

Fer. Sunder them ? that word
Falls colder on me than the Rhewme of Death.

Pin. Then you'le not flie like bullets in the jawes
Of Death and danger ?

Fer. Heare me *Valladaura*,
Since thou wilt needs take up the attribate
And name of Tyrant, studie thy trade perfect,
Soile it not in performance, like a true Artist,

Degree thy tortures, like an angry tempest,
Rise calmly first, and keepe thy worst rage last,
Torment us joyntly : sunder us at first,
A plague so deadly, that what ever followes
Will seeme but as a Cordiall : wouldst have devis'd
After a thousand tortures, one to mad
My manly patience, or to split my heart,
It had beene done in this one accent, part.

Pin. Divide 'em so.

Mon. *Mezentius*, cruelty,

Comes short of yours, he joynd, but you divide
A living man in two.

Vall. Right spanish Pride.

Fer. I us'd not you so though : but noble Sir,
How well thou hast merited living ?

Mon. So I'll die,

Thy thought's an Antidote 'gainst tyrannie.

Fer. Borne on that confidence, lose not one teare,
Nor spend a sigh, let guilty cowards feare.

Vall. You'll find a change.

Fer. Your churlish—nor can we looke to finde
V'sage more gentle. Revenge is unconfin'd.

Vall. And so shall mine be : what the art of man
Knowes of tormentings, mine shall inflict, and can.
This parting of you is the least and first,
Of infinite to come.

Fer. I dare the worst.

Exeunt.

*Enter Sebastian, Isabella, Contella, Pineda, with other attendants
and followers.*

Sebast. Most divine Lady, in the late exile
Of your depraver *Bonavida* ; how
Doe you applaud my justice ?

Isabel. Why, as Iustice.
To have done lesse, should have disgrac'd me more
Then all your worth could merit.

Cen. Who doubts that,

Hee were not worthy to be stil'd a Prince,
Or to partake that goodnesse got in you,
That should have let slip such proud arrogance,
Without severest rigour.

Pin. Troath I wonder
In what remote clyme the poore exile treads,
Or in what place he hopes to find that piece
His impudence durst boast of?

Isabel. Hee's perhaps.
Travell'd to *Arabia Felix*, and from thence
To bring the *Phenix* hither.

Seba. He should then
Have kept his Country, if a *Phenix* live,
You make *Spaine* but *Arabia*.

Isabel. I remember,
There liv'd a Spanish Princeesse of our name,
An *Isabella* too, and not long since;
Who from her Pallace windowes, stedfastly,
Gazing upon the Sunne, her heire tooke fire,
Some Augures held it as a prodigy,
I rather thinke she was *Latona's* brood,
And that *Apollo* courted her bright haire,
Else envying, that her tresses put downe his,
He scorcht them off in envie, nor dare I
From her deriv'd, expose me to his beames,
Least, as he burnes the *Phenix* in her nest
Made of the sweetest aromatick wood;
Either in love or envie, he agree
To use the like combustion upon me.

Cent. A thing much to bee fear'd.

Pin. Then royall Lady,
Might I advise you, keepe out of the Sunne
And walke still in the shade, by proosse we see
Such Meteors oft take fire.

Isabel. Alas poore Lord:
To see what thy bold rashnesse brings thee to
That thou art forc'd to wander through the world,
To finde out a blacke Swan to rivall us?

Thou seek'st a thing that is not : and thy rashnesse
Hath justly forc'd thine exile.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Fayrest of Creatures,
I bring you newes, I *Bonavida* return'd,
And new arriv'd at Court,

Isabel. Art sure 'tis so ?

Lord. Most certaine Royall Princeesse.

Isabel. To his death : If he come empty handed.

Sebast. But if sped,
Then hee redeemes his exile.

Isabel. Blind, and dull,
Hath plenty bred a surfett in you then ?
Or have you tane possession of that treasure,
You know not how to value to the worth,
But though you cannot, wee can rate our selfe :
Perhaps, dispayre hath brought him backe to offer
His desperate life ; Which if with submission,
Repentance, and some due acknowledgement,
May in our grace find pardon ; Goe, admit him.
Cent. Now let's prepare our eyes ; For, hee no question
Hath brought o're some rare creature.

Pine. Take your stands, let's have of her full view.

Enter Lord Bonavida, and the Clowne.

Bona. All the delights of earth, and joyes above,
For ever crowne your Temples.

Sebast. Wellcome *Bonavida* ;
How speed you in your voyage ?

Bona. That succeffe,
I had in expectation, Royall sir,
I am now posselt of, really.

Clown. Wee have found her.

Isabel. Hah, whom ?

Bona. The pride of Nature, and of Love;
Beautie and Vertue in most high contention
Which should exceede each other.

Clow. Why, I can assure you, wee have her to show,
And such a piece —

Isabel. Peace you; What Countrey?

Bona. England.

Isabel. What place there?

Bona. Of their chiefe Cities, the Metropolis,
London.

Clow. I, and the fayrest there, one so fayre, that all
Bartholmew-fayre could not match her againe.

Isabel. Wee have no tongue for thee —

Clow. But wee have a Tale for you, if you will give
us the hearing.

Isabel. What name?

Bona. *Hellena.*

Isabel. Of what discent or Parentage?

Bona. Noble by birth, yet not so hie degreed,
As her great vertues merit: nor her meanes,
To counterpoysse her beauty.

Clow. Yet wee have her, and weight and measure
with her, to put downe all the black-browd wenches
in *Spaine*, for a face, and Phisiognomie.

Isabel. That prater, Peace there.

Clowne. I hope, when travellers have light vpon a
rich Purchase, It is lawfull for them to bragge of their
commoditie.

Isabel. Wee may imagine one most beautifull;
But how to ranke with us?

Bona. With any Lady,
Europe or *Asia* yeelds, them padon, Lady,
I hope without the least offence to you.

Isabel. Perhaps shee's fayre, what Instance can you
give, that shee's of such prov'd vertue.

Bona. Passing thousands;
I will insift in one: At my departure,
Onely one Ring I left with her in change,

Which

Which if shee living part with, lend, or give
Till my returne, Ile hold my selfe disgrac'd,
Her ever-more disparidg'd : In exchang,
Shee did bestow on me this Carcanett,
Which I as long shall keepe. *Isa.* Pray let me see't.

Bona. Madam, I dare expose to you my life,
Then much more this.

Isabel. 'Tis a most costly Jewell,
Worthy a Princeesse wearing.

Clow. I can assure you Lady, there was a Ring, and
a thing exchang'd vpon the bargin.

Isabel. But where's this rare one? come produce her
streight, To make her the courts wonder.

Bona. Pardon Lady :
Shee's yet in her owne Countrey; But that Carcanet
Can quickly fetch her over.

Isabel. Pardon? villaine, and base Imposture, liu'd
there such a creature, would not thy pride have brought
her to full view?

But this Illusion seconding the first,
Doubles thy punishment; Hence with him to prison,
More worthy of the blocke: Abuse us first,
And then deride us after; Royall sir,
If suffer me to swallow this disgrace,
You vnderprise me doubly.

Sebast. Thou hast spoke it, and it shall stand.

Bona. Yet heare mee Royall sir.

Isabel. Away with him.

Clow. Then heare me Noble Lady.

Isabel. Shall wee be still tormented?

Bona. If you denie mee freedome, grant mee that
Which I more prize, my pretious Carcanet,
That which you with no Iustice can detain.

Isabel. Into some loathsome dungeon hurry him,
Vnworthy the dayes comfort: beare this scorne?

Sebast. Yo' have sentenc'd justly.

Isa. Please you sir, a little
To leave mee to my private solitude:

I shall not be long from you.

Sebast. Take your pleasure ;

For your content is ours.

Exit.

Isabel. *Centella* and *Pineda*.

Cent. Royall Madam,

Isabel. I have a project for you, which if you effect,
You shall indeere me ever.

Cent. What 's in men,
Shall not in us be skanted.

Isabel. You have heard
The Countrey, and th' place of her abode ;
Thither Ile furnish you : Spare for no cost,
Our Treasure lies ope to you, get that Ring
By any slight or craft : be it possible
That gold will doo't, corrupt her ; V/e all meanes,
All friends, devices, plotts, and stratagems,
To bring some token of her falsenesse backe :
Further instructions you shall have with you ;
Meane-time prepare for travell.

Pine. And, or die,
Or bring you newes of her in chastitie.

Isabel. Inough, you are ours : part with this Carkanet?
Not for a World : I have project too in that :
Bee rival'd by a petty *English* Dame ?
Knew I the large earth did my equall give,
Rather then brooke her sight, Ide cease to live.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Valladaura, and Ferrers gallant.

Fer. **S** Ir from a bond-man, you have cast me into a free mould,
a most new made mee, yer what your purpose is, I can-
not gather. I am still yours ; Is't your intention to pranke mee
up, to make me fit for death, or feede mee till I be in some good
plight, the better to satt your owne revenge ?

Valla.

Valla. What I purpose to my selfe, I still keepe in my selfe,
What you have found hitherto, speake, and when you
Find your selfe pinch'd, then freely complaine.

Ferr. The face of your kind visage yet lookes smooth,
I spie in it no wrinkle; But my friend,
How have you dealt by him?

Valla. As hee deserues, no further, pray inquire him.

Ferr. If hee perish,
I am swept from off the earth too, with my sister,
Hee next my heart sits unmoveable: pray what service
Will you command me now?

Valla. None: yet some love
I shall intreate, withall, a grace from you,
I have a Mistris, unto whom I purpose
A friendly visitation, to which duty,
I intreate you as a witnesse.

Ferr. I am yours.

Enter Aldana, and Petrocella.

Petr. I heare say *Bonavidaes* return'd.

Alda. And intends to visit thee, for having fail'd in all his
Forraine purposes: hee meanes, upon those thy pillars, as *Hercu-*
les did upon his, to write *Nonultra*, think' st thou not so girle?
my further honor still.

Petr. To see what a vertue lives in this *Spanish* continent,
especially amongst yellow-hayr'd wenches; *Jason*, when hee
went in quest of the *Golden-Fleece*, found it in *Spaine*, there's a
Morrall in that, and that great *Hercules*, so talk'd on amongst
the *Greekes*, after all his travells through *Asia*, *Africke*, and *Eu-*
rope, comming to this Countrey, into the Iland call'd *Calis*; hee
that, unlesse Poets lie, lay with Fifty Ladies in one night, and
got Nine and forty Boyes, marry I must tell you, the last was a
Girle; was there so tyred with one woman; that hee gave over
all his travells, retyr'd home to his Countrey, like a man taken
downe, and in memory of his adventure: where hee reared
his pillar, writ that most methodicall Motto you speake of;
No further.

Alda. My daughter is an apt, and wittie lasse:
I know her apprehensive, and well-brayn'd :
My further honour still.

Valla. Noble Madam,
I have brought a stranger, and an English-man,
To give you visitation.

Alda. A worthy stranger, a bold villaine too,
My further honour still.

Valla. To whom, *Petrocella* ?
As to a Gentleman to mee Intyr'd,
I begge from you all the best complement,
Due unto my long service.

Petr. Why, what's hee?

Valla. This man, doe you meane?

Petro. Yes hee, that fellow there.

Valla. Fellow, to whom; he hath not his in *Spaine*,
Nay, I might have tooke a larger bound,
And not have past my limitt; fellow, villaine ?

Petr. Yes, or companion.

Valla. Paint me out a worthy—
Else hee is such to none : This was the man
I met at sea, and fought with; our Incounter
Was all in smoake and fire, so hotly fought,
That in that fogge, wee had no further light,
Then whar our Lint-staves gave : our Decks flow'd blood,
Which through the Port-holes run, and dy'de the Sea
Into a deepe vermillion, yet still fought.

Ferr. But never with a braver opposite
Did English-man trie with fire.

Petr. Hee speaks well.

Alda. Both to their honors still.

Valla. When Powder, and Bullets
And men, with all grew skant, for scarce was any
Left to the present purpose, serviceable,
Both bottoms ready through the violent leakes
To split, and founde; wee then hal'd, hung flagggs,
And grew to composition.

Ferr. Which I begg'd.

Valla. Sir, it came first from mee; And this propos'd,
That both our shippes, goods, lives, and people, might not
Bee in the Sea ingrav'd, and swallowed up,
Both from mans tongue and thought : that such rich Prises
Might be to one Survivor; the two Captaines
To try it out by Combat.

Alda. Honor still.

Valla. This nobly hee accepted; Faiths new pawn'd,
Hostages given, two worthy seconds chus'd;
Lots cast, whose Decks should bee th' appointed lists;
To mine it fell : Hee boarded me to fight,
From whom I came apparel'd thus in wounds——

Petr. It seemes then hee 's a cutter.

Valla. Whose scarres still marke mee his.

Ferr. Weare I not yours?

Though not so many, yet more deeply carv'd,
With greater danger, and expence of blood,
Then ever drop'd from these.

Valla. Short tale to make ;
Vanquish'd I was, Hee victor; and when all,
Lading and lives were his; Nay even mine too
Lay prostrate at his mercy, with a magnificence
Equall to any Prince, hee should at——

Petro. All this wee know, nor doe wee desire to heare over
again, what was before related ; but had you spoke more in his
praise, then you have done, which it may be is your purpose ; I
find nothing, but may well come within the compasse of his
merit, and my believe.

Valla. Lady, I am glad you are so possest of him ;
And doe you thinke him such ?

Petr. I thinke you would gladly sell whom you have so late-
ly bought, else you would never have spoake him thus : If you
have any such purpose ; It may be, there be those that, but surren-
der up your barge, would be glad to helpe you to your money.

Ferr. I came but with one gyue upon my legge,
Fasten'd upon mee in his currese,
But since I look'd upon your Ladies eyes,
Now I am doubly fetter'd.

Vall. 'Tis neglect,

A palpable neglect, she loves me not :
It shall be so, I will be borish, and sullen.

Fer. Sir, you this day have brought me to a sight
That more contents me than the wealth of *Spaine* :
This matchlesse Lady.

Vall. My Mistris,
Whom if thou wilt court for me,
And winne unto my wishes.

Fer. I Sir, doo't ?

Vall. Yes, by the love thou owest me ; doe you pause ?
If ever I deserv'd the name of friend,
Or hopest hereafter I may merit off thee,
Make it thy sole endeavours.

Fer. Doubly captived :
Honour should still preceede love : Sir, I will,
Though I to cure another, my selfe kill.

Enter Helena with hermaide.

Helle. How long is't since those Gentlemen of *Spaine* arrived here ?

Maid. Three dayes since, Lady.

Hell. Came there no letters along with 'em from *Spaine* ? some note there ?
Maid. Not to my hands.

Hell. Has *Bonavid.* that name me thinks revives me, I dare not tax him of neglect, and yet I am very pleasant this morning, lets have a song *Rosara* : I would have the subje& love, and yet modest to, and yet a little wanton, yet chaste and innocent as dreams of coles, and hearst thou ? where *Bonavida's* name vouchsafes to grace the ditty, there let musicke speak in its smoothest phrase, and most courtly singing ; stay, thou art a jewell to precious to be wash'd with, thou wert given to deare purpose : honour'd with this, lye there. *A Song, during which, she washes.*

Maid. The ditties done.

Hell. And I have done; a dryer.

(Bason and Ring.

Maid. How am I blest : occasion I thank thee, *Ex. maid with*

Hell. Thy absence *Bonavid.* makes each minute seeme an houre
and

A Challenge for Beautie.

and thy delay, makes infant time look old, and were't not for this pledge of thy affection—*Rosara, Maide.* *misses her ring.*

Maid. Your pleasure madam? *Enter with the empty bason*

Helle. Reach me my Ring. *Maid.* What Ring, Lady?

Helle. Dost aske that question? that of the bason?

Maid. Trust me madam, I saw none.

Helle. Speak not againe upon thy life, where is the water?

Maid. Throwne out Madam, and with it I feare the Ring, but

He—

Exit.

Helle. Find it againe, or lose thy selfe, inconsiderate girle, how are my hopes betraid through thy rash negligence, was my blood pleasant for this? my thoughts, Ioyfull for this? —how now, hast found it? *Enter Maid.*

Maid. Nor ever shall I feare Madam. *Helle.* How, never? Then lose thy selfe, my hopes are lost for ever, torches and lights there, finde it againe, or never see me more. *Exit.*

Maid. Your will's a law, which I intend not suddenly to infringe; and have I got thee my best happinesse? now to my *Don of Spaine*, the next newes you heare of me, is a Ladiship at least; but sic on this idlenesse, I stand on thornes till I be in action. *Exit.*

Enter Pineda and Centella.

Cent. You find her pliant?

Pin. As a thing of wax, never was thrifty trader more willing to put of a sulke commodity, than she was to truck for her maydenhead, I admire her forwardnesse.

Cent. Call off the animall, she takes her entrance just at her qustep you aside for feare of suspition. *Enter Maid.*

Maid. Oh, master Oracle, sweete master Oracle!

Cent. How thrives your project? workes it into fashion?

Maid. Beyond hope or expectation, was there not a *Don of Spaine* heere, to speake with me?

Cent. Not I assure you? you have met him then?

Maid. Yes, and so met him, sweet M. Oracle, I am bound to you for ever. *Confer with Centella. Enter Pineda.*

Pin. This by my dire&ion is the place, the labour in vaine, and here spite of delay, she has prevented my hast, you see I keep my word sweete.

Maid.

Maid. And that's somewhat strange, in a gallant of your rank.

Pine. But usuall in a lover, may wee presume upon the trust of this gentleman?

Maid. Why, doe not you know him? Oh strange! why 'tis M. Oracle man; trust him? and I had a Maiden-head to spare, I durst trust it naked in bed with him.

Cent. Sir, though both strangers, yet fates past, and fortunes to come, are better knowne to me, than your selves: have you got the Ring?

Maid. Have I? have I not? the handsomest way I had for't.

Pine. Sweet, I am come to make tender of my promise.

Maid. The like purpose bring we Sir.

Pine. You have my heart already.

Maid. For which take mine, and that Ring to boot: and M.

Pine. Welcome as health to the house of sickness: and now, where how, what, when? *Cent.* How is't Sir? I see a sudden signe of alteration in you.

Pine. And can you blame me, my blood chills, my nerves faint. I am abus'd, my attendant *Damon* prompts me, I am abus'd.

Cent. Where? *Maid.* Or by whom?

Pine. Here, and by thee, by both a false imposture and a common Strumpet. *Maid.* Doe you mistrust my honesty?

Cent. Or my Art?

Pine. Both, they are both dissembled, and my noble purpose frustrate, this is not the Ring. *Maid.* Not the Ring?

Pine. And you the woman my fate points at; how simple innocence may be plaid upon?

Maid. How, not the Ring? returne it backe then.

Pine. No, I will keepe it to witnesse and evidence against you, for instantly expect the severest punishment law can inflict upon Impostures of this kinde.

Exit.

Cent. Disparagement to my Art, have you brought a fals Ring?

Maid. The right on my faith, as I hop'd to be a Lady, the right.

Cent. I am prond of that, this tryall was not amisse though.

Maid. But Oh master Oracle, how have you deceiv'd me?

Cent. I was deceiv'd my selfe. I see my errour now; onely a mistake in the signe, I sought for *Mercury* in one house, and hee lodg'd in the next, I must change my lodging, the Citty stones will

will grow too hot for me, I must go coole my feet in the suburbs.
The all and onely mistake was in the signe.

Maid. The Labour in vaine, a fire on the signe, and you too ;
my *Donna* turn'd to this ? my preferment to this ? a Lady in the
Morning, and a beggar before noone ? here's quicke work indeed ;
a cunning man ? a cunning Rogue. If ere it be my luck to see thee
preach through a pillory, as one of the cast lims of your curled
crew did not long since, the hangman shall have you by the eares
for this : but I'll backe and lay my case open to my Lady.

Cent. Your only curses, and now aboard for *Spaine*,
Her shame's our honour, and her losse our gaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter Manhurst, with a false beard in his hand.

Man. The Spanyard's noble, beyond thought or expectation
noble, instead of a Dungeon hee has furnish'd me with meanes,
and sent me home with a letter of his purpos'd friendship to my
friend. And now, though freed both from *Turk* and *Spanyard*. I
live slave to a more cruell nation than both, my owne countrey-
men, for suretyship and debt, (diseases, that many a gallant lies
sick to death on) have tane hold on mee, and though I know it
improbable, and partly ridiculous, that a false beard, and a fanta-
sticall habit, should mar my creation & make me a new creature,
it has past currant with some in this place, and I may the bolder
venter on't, First then to my friends Sister, the young Lady *Fer-
rars*, I thinke her vertuous, but withall know her for a woman,
and dare not trust my liberty in so weake a stomacke: in this
disguise then, I'll addresse me to her presently. *Exit.*

Enter Hellena and Maid.

Helle. Thou tell'st me wonders, cheated of my Ring, by a cun-
ning man, and a crafty Spanyard ? the cosenage was premeditate:
a Spanyard was he ?

Maid. Some *Dou* or Nobleman at least, he wore very good
clothes.

Helle. So may a chest, or a pickpurse ; the better body, the pla-
ner the habit, painted clothes were devis'd for ruind feeling, and
fluttish

fluttish walls, It's the Apparell of the mind, crownes thee with-
n Noble.

Maid. Then was hee a very beggar to cheat for so poore a tri-
fle as a Ring.

Ellen. 'Twas not so much for the valew of the thing, As to
impoverish the oath of the wearer; some crafty sinner had a hand
in't : or it might be *Bonavidaes* plott, to try my loyaltie : and
yet it relihes too much baseness to come from so noble an au-
thour; how ever, shall I see this, turne coward, and like a falling
Tower, bury my beauty in my owne Ruins? no, rather like the
glorious Sun, desolue, and scatter these clowds of Infamy. It is re-
solud, Ile after em to *Spaine*: Your purpose *Rosara*.

Maid. To give you my best attendance to the last minute,
please you Ladyship accept it.

Helle. And freely pardon thee, receive a few directions for
our voyage.

Enter Manhurst disguised.

Man. Yes, this disguise will doo't; and for my friend, her no-
ble brothers sake, Ile make the first tender of my service to her;
save you Lady.

Helle. You'r welcome sir; would you any thing with us?

Man. Impart a secret to you.

Helle. To a Woman? by no meanes, wee want discretion to
keepe our owne.

Man. Strange! Had I a secret concern'd my life, Ide trust it
in a Womans bosome to chuse, and thinke I lay'd it up safe too.

Helle. Your reason Sir?

Man. Because no wise-man will ever looke for any matter of
Worth in such a weake building.

Helle. A fellow of a bold aspect, and such a one, were I assu-
red of his carriage, as would much avails mee in my voyage; Art
willing to serve?

Man. Mine owne turne with all my heart: This fashions to
my wishes; what if your Ladiship doe want a servant? I am
your man, your first man too, and such a man as know the
World.

Hellenas

Helle. And such a man doe I want :

You have beene in *Spaine* then ?

Did'st heare no talke of an *English*-man there,

One *Ferrers*——

Man. And one *Manhurst* his friend, they are both prisoners, and lie——onely for ransome.

Helle. My brother Prisoner ? This news wings mee for my voyage

Man. Are you for any adventures Lady ?

Helle. Thy bad newes enforces mee ; Ile make that my colour, at least that Gentleman is my brother ; and cost it the last penny of my Dower , I will not see him want ; Ile furnish our voyage Instantly.

Man. As generous, as he is valliant , 'twere cowardize in mee to disharten her, wee must be gallant; what habit were I best to travell in, let me see, a *Spannish* sloop, good easie weare, but that like Chambermaides, they are loose, and somewhat too open below.

Maid. Me-thinks your Dutch Cassocke is a comely weare.

Man. It hath bin, but now adayes it growes shorter and shorter, like your Court allowance : their Taylors are good husbands, tho' they make little or no waste at all, and that makes your Gallants stand so much upon Points : your button-hose is a good weare for Courtiers.

Maid. Why for Courtiers ?

Man. Cause they are full of large promises outward, but lin'd with narrow and scant-performance within.

Maid. 'Tas beene a good fashion, but 'tis old.

Helle. So is all goodnesse else, wee have nothing new, but oathes and diseases.

Man. No, for my money, give mee your substantiall, *English* hose, round and som-what full-afore.

Maid. Now they are mee-thinks a little too great.

Man. The more the discretion of the Landlord that builds them: he makes roome enough for his Tennant to stand upright in, he may walk in and out at ease without stooping : but of all the rest, I am cleane out of love with your *Irish* trowses ; they are for all the world like a Jealous wife, always close at a mans

taile : out of all these will I cut and fashion that shall bee new
and Imitable : will you follow ?

Helle. Even wherefare leades mee, wee are all her slaves
And have no dwellings of our own.

Man. Yes, Graves.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Ferrers and Petrocella.

Petr. I Never heard a fellow since my yeeeres, taught mee how
to distinguish It from good, to talke in this strange Key;
how English this ? What art thou in thy Countrey ?

Ferr. There, a man.

Petr. What heere ?

Ferr. No better then you see a slave.

Petr. Whose ?

Ferr. His that hath redeem'd mee. *Petr.* Valladanraes ?

Ferr. Yes, I proclaym 't; I that was once mine owne,
Am now become his creature.

Petro. I perceive,

Your comming is to make mee thinke you noble,
Would you perswade mee deeme your friend a God ?
For only such make men, are you a gentleman ?

Ferr. Not heere, for I am all dejectednesse,
Captive to fortune, and a slave to want;
I can not call these c'lothes I weare mine owne,
I doe not eate, but at anothers cost,
This ayre I breathe, is borrowed ; nere was man
So poore and abject. I have not so much,
In all this vniverse, as a thing to leave,
Or a Countrey I can freely boast is mine:
In all the world, I had but one true friend,
And hee is ravish'd from mee;
My essence, and my beeing, is anothers:
What should I say? I am not any thing,

And

A Challenge for Beautie.

And I possesse as little.

Petro. Tell me that?

Come, come, I know you to be no such man,
You are a Souldier, valiant, and renownd,
Your carriage try'd by land, and prov'd at Sea,
Of which, I have heard such full expresseion
No contradiction can perswade you lesse,
And in this faith I am constant.

Fer. A meere worme

Trod on by every Fate.

Petro. Rais'd by your merit

To be a common argument through *Spaine*.
And speech at Princes Tables, for your worth
Your presence when you please to expose't abroad,
Attracts all eyes, and draw them after you
And these that understand you call their friends,
And pointing through the streetes, say, this is he,
This that brave and noble Englishman,
Whom Souldiers strive to make their president,
And other men their wonder.

Fer. This your scorne

Makes me appeare more abiect to my selfe
Then all diseases I have tasted yet
Had power to asperse upon me, and yet Lady
I could say something durst I.

Petro. Speak't at once,

Fer. And yet——

Petro. Nay, but wee'l admit no pawse.

Fer. I know not how my phrase may relish you,
And loth I were to offend, even in what's past
I must confesse, I was too bold;—Farewell,
I shall no more distaste you.

Petro. Sir, you doe not,

I doe proclaimt you doe not, stay, I charge you,
Or as you say, you have beene fortunes scorne,
So ever prove to woman.

Fer. You charge deeply,
And yet now, I bethinke me.

A Challenge for Beauty.

Petr. As you are a Souldier,
And Englishman, have hope to bee redeemed
From this your scorned bondage you sustaine,
Have comfort in your Mother, and faire Sister,
Renowne soblazed in the eares of *Spaine*,
Hope to re-breathe that ayre you tasted first.
So tell me —————

Fer. What?

Petr. Your apprehension catch'd
And almost was in sheafe.

Fer. Lady I shall.

Petro. And in a word?

Fer. I will.

Petro. Pronounce it then.

Fer. I love you.

Petro. Ha, ha, ha.

Fer. Still it is my misery
Thus to bee mock'd in all things.

Petro. Pretty, faith.

Fer. I look'd thus to be laught at, my estate
And fortunes I confesse, deserves no lesse;
That made me so unwilling to denounce
Mine owne derisions, but alas I finde
No Nation, sex, complexion, birth, degree,
But jest at want, and mocke at misery.

Petr. Love mee?

Fer. I doe, I doe, and maugre Fate,
And spight of all sinister evill shall.
And now I charge you, by that filiaall zeale
You owe your father, by the memory
Of your deare mother, by the joyes you hope
In blessed marriage, by the fortunate issue
Stor'd in your wombe, by these and all things else,
That you can stile with goodnesse: instantly,
Without evasion, trick, or circumstance,
Nay, least premeditation, answer me.
Affect you me, or no?

Petro. How speake you that?

Fer.

A Challenge for Beautie.

Fer. Without demurr or pawse.

Petr. Give me but time
To sleepe upon't.

Fer. I pardon you no minute, not so much
As to apparell the least phrase you speake,
Speake in the shortest sentence.

Petr. You have vanquish'd me
At mine owne weapon: noble sir, I love you :
And what my heart durst never tell my tongue
Least it should blab my thoughts, at last I speake
And iterate, I love you.

Fer. Oh, my happinesse !
What wilt thou feele me still ? art thou not weary
Of making me thy May-game to possesse me
Of such a treasures mighty Magozin,
Not suffer me t' inioy't, tane with this hand,
With that to get another.

Petr. You are sad Sir,
Be so no more, if you have beene dejected
It lies in me to mount you to that height,
You could not ayme at greater, I am yours.
These lips that only witnesse it inaire
Now with this truth confirme it.

Kisses him.

Fer. I was borne to't,
And it shall out at once.

Petr. Sir, you seeme passionate,
As if my answer pleas'd not.

Fer. Now my death,
For mine owne tongue must kill me, noble Lady.

Enter Valladerra.

You have indeer'd me to you, but my vow
Was ne'ere to match with any of what state
Or birth soever, till before the contract,
Some one thing I impose her.

Petr. Shee to doo't ?

Fer. Or if she faile me in my first demand
I to abjure her ever.

Petr. I am shee.

A Challenge for Beauty.

That beg to be implyde so, name a danger
Whose very face would fright all womanhood,
And manhood put in trance, nay whose aspect
Would ague such, as should but heare it told :
But to the sad beholder, proove like those
That gaz'd upon *Medusaes* snake lockes,
And turn'd them into Marble: These and more
Should you but speak't, I'de doe.

Ferrers. And sweare to this?

Petro. I vow it by my honour, my best hopes
And all that I wish gracious, name it then,
For I am in a longing in my soule,
To shew my loves expression.

Fer. You shall then,

Petro. I'le doe't as I am a Virgine.
Lye it within mortality, I'le doe't.

Fer. You shall?

Petro. I will: that which appeares in you
So terrible to speake, I'le joy to act,
And take pride in performance.

Ferr. Then you shall.

Petro. What? Souldier, What?

Ferr. Love noble *Valladaura*,
And at his soonest appointment marry him.

Petro. Vnkind man, thou hast kil'd me.

Fer. And my selfe with the same stroke.

Valladan. Oh, Noble Englishman,
Thou now appear'st a mirrour.

Petro. But in this,
Pray Sir can you be serious?

Fer. As I would in death unto my Confessor.

Petro. Then I am lost,
Now baser than this fellow tearm'd himselfe,
To him that was on earth most miserable:
I am now become a Vassaile, Nay, despis'd, I
I that but once to day, thought my selfe rivall,
For face and vertue, to the peerlesse Queens,
Both these have prostituted to a slave,

To be more slave than hee, but shall he thus
Behold in me this passion to usurpe
Triumph in my disgrace, and boast abroad (thy selfe,
Of this to poore a conquest? No *Petrocella* recollect
Preserve thy honor, though against thy spirit,
And where thy heart is sick, complaine thy heele,
Let not thy scene grieve please him.

Fer. Home and retire, Why should you strive thus
to undoe one that's already conquer'd?

Petro. Poore exile! oh, with what slight attribute
Shall I devise to give thee expression?

Thou all that baiesse thou hast tearm'd thy selfe,
Thou look'st now I should whine and pule and weepe
Hang 'bout thy necke, submit, and kneele for grace,
As if thou wert that brave man so reported?

Know I am no such Creature, neither thinke I

There can be ought good in thee, saving this
Which was the last, that thou hast plighted me,

To one more worthy, one whose very shadow

I prize, above thy being, one whose actions

Were never taxt in any thing save this

To ransom such a — what thou knowest thy selfe

Him I'll both love and marry, hence, depart:

Oh heaven, how far my tongue speaks from my heart!

Fer. I would 'twere but a dream, then there were hope

I might be once awake, and to see day,

But night is lodg'd within me, night perpetuall

Darker than the *Cimmerian*, all my lights

Have only beene mere flashes that precede

Tempestuous crackes of thunder.

Valla. Now 'tis time

To rowze him from his slumber, worthy friend

How have you sped this day in my behalfe?

Fer. As you would wish.

Valla. You neede not speak't againe.

You averre no more then what my eares have witnest,

In which you have us'd such fidelity,

I needs most freely must acquit all debts.

Twixt you and mee, and there Ingeniously
Confesse my selfe in reradge.

Ferr. Oh I still,
And ever-more, must owe you.

Valla. But If you,
Would add a second to this curtesie,
I should report you for the constantst friend
That ever striv'd to excede in gratitude.

Ferr. Name it I pray you, having one thing done,
I now am in at all things.

Valla. Vpon your honour.

Ferr. That which you have bought,
And pay'd for, with your money.

Valla. That no more,
I charge you by our love.

Ferr. Why, I have done:
What I shall ever rue, may give it motion,
I being now all for action.

Valla. Onely this,
For some occasions to my selfe best knowne,
And which I now intreate you not inquire,
But prosecute, that Priest shall marry us:
For your disguise, and all things fitting too't,
Leave it to my discretion to contrive,
And this is all I injoyne.

Ferr. And this *Ille* doc.

Valla. And binde mee to you ever.

Ferr. I am in,
Past halfe already, why not up toth' chinne?

Exeunt.

*Enter Sebastian, and Isabella, Centella and Pineda, with
other Followers and Attendants.*

Sebast. *Centella* and *Pineda*, Wee have long
Mournd for your absence: had not our bright *Queene*
Made us acquainted with th' intent the eof,
Wee had not tooke it of you subject-like,
You so unfriendly, left us without leave,

But

A Challenge for Beautie.

But you are nobly welcome.

Isabel. As the men,
Have crown'd us with a wreath, of rarer worth,
Then can the united birthes of *Spaine* and *Portugall*
Maintaine to us: they make us still supreme,
And wee by them find no Competitor,
The token that confirms infallibly,
That beauty stands corrupted.

Cent. Sacred Empreſſe,
Behold the Ring: the manner how ſhee fell,
How eaſily, and with what facilitie,
Shee yeelded almoſt at the firſt demand,
Wee ſhall relate at full.

Isabel. Forbear *Centella*, for to vex him more,
It ſhall be in his hearing; one of you
Release him from the torment of his Priſon,
To indure a greater heere: And mighty Prince,
Give mee but leave; ſince hee ſo proudly durſt
Deprave our worth to ſpite, nor all his griefe,
And triumph in his willfull miſerie.

Sebaſt. You ſpeake but what is juſt and neceſſary,
In others to deterre the like preſumption,
I pray ſir reprehend him; you cannot bee too bitter
In his juſt reprehention.

Enter Bonavida and his man, brought in by Pineda.

Cent. See, hee's come.

Isabel. Wee have ſent to proove your Miſtris.

Bona. And her conſtancie

Hath purchas'd my release, Is't not ſo Madam?

Isabel. Wee are put downe; I fear'd if any clyme
Could yeeld rarietie to equall ours,
It would be found in *England*.

Bona. So I ſaid,

And Royall Miſtris, had you ſcene that face,
And made ſuch prooſe, as I did of her heart,
You would eſteeme it no diſgrace at all,

To honour her, that's your so'e paragon.

Isa. Impudent slave ———

But wee'l containe our spleene; but 'tis my griefe
To be excel'd in both; to have fail'd in one;
Had bin the lesse vexation.

Bona. Oh my faire *Hellena*!

Thou hast fil'd my soule with rapture, and releast me
From melancholly durance; Madam, what were they
That made this happy triall, and informd you
That truth, to make her this acknowledgement?

Isabel. Beho'd them: these are the witnesses
Of my disgrace through *Spaine*.

Bona. They're noble Lords,

By whose approved censures, you have made,
Her highnesse to confesse mine injuries.
At your returne, in what plight did you leave
Th' unequall'd Lady?

Cent. Faith, in health of body.

Bona. Be proud my genius on't.

Pin. And lusty wondrous lusty.

Bona. Was she seene?

Cent. Yes seene, and felt, and heard, and understood,
We found her a Nour'e Substantive.

Bona. Oh, my blood! why flyest thou from my heart?

Cent. Yet she stood,

And by her selfe too, when she was alone,
But lighting upon company she leak't,
Poore prostitute, she fell.

Bona. Variddle me, and let me know thy meaning.

Cent. Then in plaine — your Mistresse is a Whore.

[*Bona.* *Centella* spak't.

Cent. And will mak't good, More *Bonauida*, mine,
My prostitute, most base and mercenary,
Bowing her lust beneath the price of gold,
For a few Spanish Ryalls.

Bona. Oh, my rage!

Whether wilt thou transport me? Villaine, Dog,
False and unworthy any noble style,

A Challenge for Beautie.

Scarce th' attribute of man.

Cent. Oh, Sir, anon I hope you'll have more patience.

Bona. Patience Devill?

Let it flie to th' Antipodes, and we
Wrastle in wrath and fury, that base lie
I'll stab with my steelt to downe thy throate,
And make thee swallow both.

Pin. You are now heated : a little pawse will coole you.

Bona. King, 'tis false,

Believe him not, great Princeesse, 'tis unjust ;
Vnlesse an Angell should descend and speak't,
And for an instance streight produce that Ring,
It wins with me no credence.

Isabel! Know you that?

Bona. Ha, this — I doe, and therewithall dare sweare
That there's no faith in woman.

Isa. Ha, ha, ha : what thinks the great censorious carper now?

Bona. That there's not one (give my alleageance leave)
I durst suspect even you, since she is false.

Isabel. Ha; what of us?

Bona. That I have callumnis'd,
Your fame and vertue, that I merit death;
That I am now profest Antagonist,
(Saving your majesty) to all your sex,
That I am weary now the ayre I breath,
And should you grant it Madam, would not live,
That I no better than a Traytor am,
And in the highest degree, have injur'd these,
But most, your sacred selfe : if for all these
You doe not mount me on the publicke scaffold,
I will lay violent hands upon my selfe :
I beg my merited doome, my sentence crave,
Which with severest rigour let me have.

Isa. We limit thee two dayes for thy repentance,
The third's thy death.

Bona. My *Hellena* prove base?

Mount thoughts towards heaven, you have on earth no place.

Sebast. He hath but what he merits.

A Challenge for Beauty.

Isabel. And great prince,
Now boast your selfe 'boye *Brutus, Collatino.*
Or those most famous for their constant wives,
And I my selfe unequal'd and unpeer'd
May on the earth a blazing Comet shine,
Seeming 'mongst others terren sole divine.
Our trusty friends and subjects henceforth live
In our highest grace, and trust : how we will right
You that for zeale to us have injur'd beene
In our apparant justice shall bee seene.

Exit.

Enter Petrocella, Valladaura.

Val. You sent for me.

Petro. I did, to tell thee a word of which no eare is worthy
but thine owne, I love thee.

Val. Possible, vexation should take new shapes to haunt me,
you love me come, this yeast might passe upon one of *Cupids* fa-
shions, but I being a sound Sophister in the art, am too familiar
with your fallacies, to credit them or you.

Petro. Let not your comming betray your folly, though it be
common with Ladies, 'twould shew very ill in a Courtier. I con-
fesse I seem'd strange to you, till I was acquainted with your
worth.

Val. How grew that acquaintance, 'twas without my knowledg?

Pet. Not to dissemble, some impulsive *Nuntio's* have wrought
very strangely for you; but examine not particulars : suffice I say
I love you, and you dare not take my word, I can put you in no
better security.

Val. I desire none, onely, but silence, you have vouchsaf'd mee
a happinesse, beyond merit or expectation.

Petr. Y'are the more beholding to me, and curtesie that comes
from a woman freely, is worth twenty pleasures inforc't, neither
would I have you taxe my love of immodesty : nor think I pur-
pose to make you pay for the nursery of another mans pleasure,
though it be common with some at Court; I have a kind of thing
within me cal'd conscience, only I love you, and out of a com-
passionate charity purpose to marry you.

Enter

A Challenge for Beautie.

Enter Aldana, Pineda, Centella, Ferrers like a Churchman.

Vall. Has don't to purpose, I know not how to take you Lady.

Petro. Ene as you find me, that's with more faults than vertues; but see, my father and some of my best friends, to whom I have read the story of my love, come in person to dispatch the Nuptialls.

Vall. Then I presume y'are earnest, sir I must call you father.

Ald. And never miscall me, if shee be thy wife as I thinke shee will be. *Vall.* With your consent.

Ald. Get hers, it's not a straw matter for mine, and yet to make her no worse than she is, I must needs say shee will doe any thing she list her selfe in spite of my beard, my further Honour still: but take her to thee, I thought so, as soone as ever I saw thee smacked, I knew twould prove a match and now tis out, my further honour still.

Petro. Out before 'tis throughly lighted? such matches were nere kindled at *Hymens* altar, have you sufficient certificate of my love now?

Vall. Yes sweet, and now my resolutions wings
Flie with some Fethers: thou the man must joyne us?

Fer. Yes, and divide my selfe from happinesse, this hand
Must forth my bosom pluck a blessednesse
And place it in anothers, ————— are you ready?

Vall. To shake thine Honour, which gins faint already,
We are, set on, let musicke speake aloud,
At such chaste Vnions *Ioue* him selfe is proud.

*Musicke sounds, while Ferrers in the habit of a Churchman
joynes them, & they all exit.*

Fer. Awake? or in a dreame? I hope the last,
The god of marriage would not see his shrine
So much abus'd, the hallow'd lights burn out
Themselves in anger, and the Cov'nant Booke
Dropt downe for shame, my hand shooke, and my tongue
Like a false evidence before a judge
Falsfred, and gave it selfe the lie, and yet

A Challenge for Beauty.

My treacherous heart agreed to't, and this habit.

Oh, could I throw my griefe as easily from me,

As I do thee, nere did religious shape,

Count'nance or shelter such a horrid act. *Enter Valladaura.*

Vall. Friend *Ferrers* ———

Fer. Ha? that very accent, friend,

Gives my faint feares the lie; and writes my act

Noble and lawfull: had I giv'n him my life

'Twas but his owne.

Vall. Will not this Marble weepe?

Nor shed a teare yet? Not? he quite outdares me,

In noble curtesies, all my attempts

Like curses shall against the winde flie back

In mine owne face and soile it. Noble *Ferrers*

Thy manly undertakings halfe perswade me

Th'art more than man.

Fer. Mine? 'las, I have done nothing

Worthy your least good thought: if you (or hell)

Can finde a service to injoine your slave

More hard (or damnable) that may become

(The Devill to will) a servant to effect,

Urge one more triall.

Vall. And with that Ile claime thee

King of thy selfe and thy affections.

And thus it is, for reasons yet conceal'd

And strangely working in my mutinous thoughts,

I would, and yet tis a request nor fitting

Me to enjoyne, nor thee to practise.

Fer. Name it.

And if I doe't not ———

Vall. I am asham'd to owne it,

Tis so uncomely and beyond the strength

Of man to act: yet in a word, this night

Thou shalt (denie't not) under my name and habit,

Sleepe in my marriage sheets and with my wife.

Fer. Sleepe with your wife? and is that all?

Vall. Yes, all

That I allow, if after I shall prove,

Thou

A Challenge for Beautie.

Thou art unchaste, so much as in a kisse,
All thy past worth is blemish'd, never demand
The reason on't, that's buried.

Ferr. I will do't; sleepe with your wife? Ile do't,
No Eunneke like mee.

Valla. Shee's now gone to her Chamber,
Ladies and all have left her, under this clowd,
Goe shrow'd thy selfe.

Ferr. 'Tis done,
How ere I sett, Ile rise bright honors sonne *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Valladaura, Aldana, and Pineda, Centella.

Pine. **V**What disturbs Valladaura?
Alda. What meanes my sonne?

Valla. To runne, and roare, and bellow.

Cent. You are not mad?

Valla. As the great beast call'd Bull; Oh the crampe, the
crampe!

Alda. Where?

Valla. Here, there, every where, in my Cry, my Mouth, my
tongue, pull, and you love mee, pull.

Pine. Where?

Valla. In the middle there.

Alda. What doe you meane?

Valla. Shew you a true Embleme of my selfe; I am married.

Alda. True, to my daughter.

Valla. Yes, to a strumper, to a lascivious strumper, not possi-
ble to draw on my wedding shooes without a horne.

Alda. You are too darke,

Valla. And your daughter too light.

Omnes. Speake your griefes fully.

Valla. As patience, not suffer me this piece
Of frailty, cut out of the heart of beauty.

Where

A Challenge for Beauty.

Where I so lov'd, as it was doubtfull whether
Shee or my life were deerer to mee; shee
Whom by mee married, is this night
Claspt with a stranger: makes her fathers house
The wedding chamber, and her nuptiall sheetes
Reeke to adulterate pleasure —

Alda. Little to my honor, and this be true;

Valla. Would, oh my lost life, I could prove it false,
Fates not so mercifull; late up at revells;
I will not say some of her sect of late
Plide me with wine, to give her purpose food,
But healths flew round, and with full wing, and still
I was their aime:

They mist their aime tho', and yet but a fayrer
As soone as opportunity serv'd me:
Unseene I left 'em, and by a private key,
Went to my Chamber, where I said, Ile dare call her
Neither my wife, nor Bride; your lustfull daughter.

Alda. Doing no hurt, I hope shee has more care of him then so.

Valla. Wearied with pleasure, shee lies fast asleepe,
Laid in a strangers armes, sh'as stay'd my speech,
'Tas dim'd mine eyes from sight, and patience,
Restrain'd my head from fury: what hee is, or whence,
I neither know nor question.

Alda. I commend ye, my daughter a whore, make my house
a stews, and her father a pander; is this all the honor she doth me?

Pine. Dishonor'd above sufferance.

Alda. Wine, and a strumpet, were there no hope of generati-
on, but in her onely, this hand should be her hang-man: a whore
on her wedding night, There's more modesty contain'd in a
Goate, strumpet, whore, I will not call her daughter, Ile loose
her, Will you leade the way?

Valla. Your pardon, I am so mildly temper'd, the expence
Of one cheape teare, would buy her pardon; had her fault
strooke at my life; If you intend revenge,
Do't in my absence.

Alda. Th'art a chicken, leave us, tho' a fathers name, Ile beare
a lyons heart, breake ope the doores, strumpet, why Impudence,
breake

A Challenge for Beautie.

breake ope the doore ——— *Petr.* Whom doe you seeke?

Enter Petrocella with a bloody puny ard.

Alda. A strumpet, thee, a — I can't devise a name bad enough for thee.

Petr. I'll give my selfe one, call me Murthereesse;
A Name I am proud of. *Valla.* Ha?

Al. She has tau'd us a labor; what means this bloody puny ard?

Petr. Reade in my brow, doe you not see his name
Writ in red letters?

Alda. I see none: whose? what name?

Petr. Base *Valladauracs* ———

Alda. Thy Husband?

Petr. Hee was never mine; for tho' you joyn'd our hands,
My heart ne're tye'd a man to't; and how ever duty
Lives at command, Love cannot be intorc'd,
And rather then live bound to one I love not,
I have bought my freedome with his life.

Valla. False woman?

Petr. Alive againe! blest starre ———

Valla. I nere was dead,
But thou hast kill'd a man, whom to have sau'd,
Had I a thousand lives, I'd loose them all:
O valliant *Ferrers*, a more Noble Gentleman
Never drew a ire.

Omnes. The *English* man? *Valla.* The wonder,
And abstract of all vertues: did you but know
What bold and noble Passages of honor,
He for my sake, with danger hazzarded,
You would have thought there were more deity,
Then man within him ———

Petr. Choaked in my revenge,
This loyes mee yet, that tho' I mist thy life,
I reach'd thy friends.

Valla. My friend indeede: and one,
That did'st but know how ardently he lou'd
Thee Tiger, thee, his cruell murderer,
Thou'd'st curie thy hand, and hate thy bloody selfe,
For thy not loving him.

A Challenge for Beautie.

Alda. If hee were so loving to her, and honourable to you, what businesse had hee in your Chamber?

Valla. Much, and farre more then ever was in man,
But passing many unmatch'd civilities,
In honors duell, when I all hope had lost,
Ever to win the ———

Petr. That slave woo'd mee for you, so much the sweeter by that, The thought of my revenge.

Valla. To trie him further, In a church-mans habit,
Aitho' hee lov'd thee dearer then his life,
At my intreat hee married us.

Petr. White-liver'd peasant,
I have given him a due recompence.

Valla. But last,
And it may stand, writ in the Rowle of time,
A daring challenge to all Ages.

Pine. You sent him to bed to your wife.

Petro. Which tho' I hated him, I must acknowledge
Him noble that way.

Valla. Every way; the World
Has lost a Jewell, not to be regain'd
By losse of twenty Worlds.

Cent. But to what purpose did you send him to your wives bed?

Valla. My purpose was, having once past that triall,
To have made you man and wife.

Alda. How could that bee, when you were married before?

Valla. Shee was never mine, the marriage was not lawfull,
Done by a Lay-man; But mans fate, 'tis throwne
Above his reach, our hopes are not our owne.

Petr. Ha, ha, ha. *Valla.* Dost laugh at sorrow?

Petr. Would you have mee turne *Crocodile*, and weepe, *Ferrers*, Mont *Ferrers*, prithee come helpe me to laugh a little.

Enter Ferrers.

Valla. *Ferrers*! my friend alive?

Petr. By this blood of a Turtle, and that's a chaste oath, hee never did.

Valla. Hast fail'd thy promise, and abus'd my trust?

Petracel.

Petr. Doe but name the word, abuse by love, and Ile kill him indeed; what should hee doe? He came to bed, and for his eyes sake, slept with mee, yet ne're so much as kist mee, but I confesse, I gave him twenty.

Valla. To quittance with him thus, I give him thy hand.

Ferr. I aske no more, I have her heart already.

Petr. Have heart and faith, Noble Mont *Ferrers*.

Alda. My daughter chaste, my house honest, and noble *Ferrers* my Son-in-law; this happens to my further honor indeede.

Pine. Noble of all sides, and so for joy of your friendly agreement, the Amorous sunne is come to give you a hunts-up.

Cent. *Aurora* lookes red at that, but with the new light, new businesse meetes us, *Bonavidaes* Execution.

Pine. Ten a clocke, is the last houre his life has to reckon.

Alda. Please you take patt of a short breakfast, wee will accompany you.

Valla. Come *Ferrers*, now all Tryalls are confirm'd
In this Imbrace. *Fer.* You have beene ever noble. *Exeunt.*

Enter Manhurst, Hellen, and her Maid page-like.

Helle. This then is *Spaine*, into which continent
You promist to conduct mee.

Manh. Yes, it is.

Helle. And what this Cities name?

Manh. *Civill*, the chiefe of *Spaine*; where I presume
You never were till now.

Helle. As I remember: I never was in *Civill*, but being heere,
How shall wee best dispose us?

Manh. Doubt not mee: Ile fit you with a lodging;
Heere's a *Spaniard*, Ile sould him to that purpose.

Enter the Clowne.

Clow. Trust a Woman? trust thy morgage to an *Vsurer*, thy
shoulder to the Mace, or thy bare backe to the Beadle, thou
wilt bee whipt on all sides; a Woman?

Helle. This fellow, as I recollect my selfe,
Was servant to the noble *Bonavida*.

Rosa. I know him, 'tis the same.

Clow. Why are they call'd faire, but that they are like a Faire where every one sets up shop, and any man may buy for his money? why lovely, but to denote unto us, they lie when they tell a man they love him? why chaste? unlesse from Coast to countrey, and from Constable to Constable: Why Virgin? but that they are meerely gins and snares to intangle poore men in: why, when a man courts them, doe they cry, away, away? but only to tell a man that there is a way if he have the wit to finde it. Oh, Women, Women, *femineo generi tribuuntur Propria quæ Maribus.*

Man. This fellow I perceiv's a Satyrift
Against the Feminine Sex Save thee, my friend.

Clow. From Women and I care not, for there's against them no standing. *Helle.* Is there in them such danger?

Clow. Danger, I find but a little in that face, and tis a face able to out-face the best face in *Spaine*. A face that I have beene face to face with; before now, but 'tis so long since I cannot tell when and we have travell'd so many Countries I cannot guesse where, Are you a stranger faire Lady?

Helle. Yes, and a traveller.

Clow. I love you the better for that, for indeed I my selfe have seene Countries, and I see no reason, but that if both parties were agreed we two might lie together by Authority.

Man. Why I have travel'd too ———

Clow. Alas, poore fellow, thou look'st not with the face, but if thou canst give mee but the true fashions and descriptions of Countries, or my friend, with mee you can purchase no Credit. *Man.* I shall and thus in briefe too.

The Song.

THe Spanyard loves his antient Slop.

A Lombard the Venetian:

And some like breech-lesse women go,

The Rush, Turke, Jew, and Grecian.

The thrifte Frenchman weares small waste,

The Dutch his belly boasteth,

The

*The English-man is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.*

*The Turke in Linnen wraps his head.
The Persian his in Lawne too,
The Russh with fables furs his Cap
And change will not be drawne to.*

*The Spauyard's constant to his block,
The French inconstant ever,
But of all Felts that may be felt,
Give me your English Beaver.*

*The German loves his Coony-Wooll,
The Irish-man his shag too,
The Welch his Mon-mouth loves to weare,
And of the same will brag too.*

*Some love the rough and some the smooth,
Some great and others small things,
But O your lickorish English man,
He loves to deale in all things.*

*The Russh drinks quasse, Dutch Lubecks beere,
And that is strong and mightie,
The Brittain he Metheglen quaffs,
The Irish Aqua-vita.*

*The French affects the Orleans grape,
The Spauyard sips his Sherry,
The English none of these can scape,
But hee with all makes merry.*

*The Italian in her high Chopecene,
Scotch lasse, and lovely Free too,
The Spanish Donna, French Madams,
He doth not feare to goe to.*

*Nothing so full of hazard, dread,
Nought lines above the Center,
No health, no fashion, wine or wench,
On which he dare not venter.*

Clow. God-a-mercy for this in faith, and were it not that
the grieve, for my Noble Masters death, and that to mor-
row too —————

A Challenge for Beauty.

Helle. Why, hast thou a master to suffer?

Clow. Yes, and about a face too that would have serv'd the turne, if the heart had been correspondent. If you have a minde to see the pittifull spectacle, I'll helpe you to a place, where you shall have roome to see, leasure to lament, and time to shed teares.

Helle. Strange, most strange, I will inquire this further, It'h' meane time, canst helpe us to a lodging?

Clow. Yes, especially for such a face. If you desire a strong one, to a prison. If you would lie cheape and save charges, 'tis but speaking treason, and I'll helpe you to be billeted, at the Kings castle.

Enter Bonavida with Officers, and executioner.

Bona. The Queene playes with my death,
And bids me act a bold Tragedians part,
To which, such moving action I will give,
That it shall glaze this Theater round with teares,
And all that shall behold me on this stage,
Pittyng my fate: shall taxe her cruelty,
And to the *Spanissh* Chronicles let this a ide,
That he whose tongue hath justified their sex,
Whose sword hath coapt brave Champions for their fame
Whose travells have been to maintaine their honours,
And of their vertues to give large approofe;
That he, whose labour was their praise t'uphold,
Should by a woman fall; a faire false woman:
And be it not the least stain to that Country,
That she was bred in England.

Sound, Enter Sebastian, Isabella, Ferrers, Valladoura, Aldana, Medina, Petrocella, &c.

Sebast. The character you have given that noble stranger,
His valour, faith, and friendship *Valladoura*,
So deeply hath imprest us: that we are pleas'd,
To see him match't into a noble house,
And wee from henceforth shall account him ours.

Isabel. Faire *Petrocella*, we commend your choyce,
For if renowne hath blazom'd him aright.

A Challenge for Beauty.

Spain it cou'd scarce have betterd : we have stord
Favours for you, and high respect for him,
Which leasure shall make knowne; bat to the Prisoner,
That's now our present businesse : Seate you Lords,
Pineda, you next us.

Bona, *Queene* here's your sport,
And this the marke you aime at : yet in this
Deale gently with me, doe not mock my death,
And Ile expose my life as willingly,
As in my ripest joyes and best of pleasures.
In love which most I wish to have preserv'd,
Nor trouble me with vaine intergatories
To turne my soule (in the high rode to heaven
Into some dangerous by-path) grant but this,
My death I freely pardon.

Isabel. Those small minutes
You have to spend, are at your owne desires,
No tongue shall interrupt you.

Bonauid. Now you are kinde :
I now with what prepared speed I can
Will come to kisse my Fate. *Prepares for death.*

*Enter Manhurst, Hellena, and the
Maide.*

Man. Come Lady, if we presse not through the throng
Wee shall not get to th' hearing.

Helle. 'Mongst all these Courtiers, point me out the man ?

Maid. That Picke-devant that elbowes next the *Queene*.

Helle. Enough, no more.

Bona. Now farewell Royall Sovereaigne and great *Queene*,
Vnto whose high and sacred Majesty
My forfeit head thus stoopes : and best lov'd Peeres,
I only wish this blood you shall see drawne
Had drop't before the common enemy,
The barbarous *Turke* : in some just Christian cause
Not in this feminine quarrell. I had then
Dyde a crown'd Martyr : that offendour like

Now

A Challenge for Beautie.

Now bow to th' Axe of Iustice : fare well to
Thee, for whose love I undergoe this shame,
May thy repentance for thy guilt begge pardon,
That wee may meete in blest Elizium,
There our loiles kisse together : Farewell world,
Growne so corrupt, thou wilt not suffer Vertue
And Beauty roose together : may thy charitie
Guide me to yon safe harbour. Thus I fall
Beneath my' offences, and take leave of ———

Helle. Stay.

Isabel. Who interrupts our Iustice ?

Helle. As you are Royall,
And worthy of those honors arch your head,
Deferre that bloody businesse now in hand,
To right an injur'd woman.

Manb. What meanes this ?

Sebast. A lovely and sweete presence.

Ferr. That apparition transports mee into wonder.

Isabel. A rare aspect ; had shee a suiting vertue,

Pineda, I should halfe suspect my challenge,
And willingly compound.

Pine. Most Divine Princeesse,
Should they meete heere, I should not blame your feares,
Since th' one appeares to bee incomparable.

Sebast. What seeke you from this throne ?

Helle. That in which Kings
Resemble most the Gods : Iustice.

Isabel. 'Gainst whom ?

Helle. Against a Felon ; robber ! a base thiefe.
Harbour'd in this your Court.

Sebast. If such live heere,
As wee are King, wee bannish him, our patronage,
And yeeld him up to sentence : first, saie creature,
Give us your name, your birth, and qualitie.

Helle. My Nation foraine : birth, not high degree'd,
Norevery way ignoble : for my qualitie,
Some that presume to know mee, call me Libertine,
Wanton, and wild wench ; nay, a Curtizan :

A Challenge for Beautie.

But were I looser then ere *Lais* was,
It should not barre mee justice.

Sebast. Thou shalt hate,

Ferr. That word quak'd all the blood within my vaines,
And agues all my nerves.

Pins. You keepe your owne yet madam.

Isabel. And of that,

Pineda, I am proud, infinite proud,
I nere was pleas'd with anies, sinne till now ;
It makes mee still unpeer'd.

Sebast. Speake, what's your wrong ?

Helle. See you this pantofle ?

Twas a rich paire, till the base fellowie,
Of one of this your Court divided them ;
For being lodg'd, and nobly entertain'd,
Was not alone content to vitiate
Both fame and body, and to take full surfet
Of that my prostitution, but unworthy
The title of a noble Gentleman,
Hee stole the slipper there, that fellowes this,
Valewed at no lesse then a Thousand Crownes.

Sebast. And cheapely rated too, find out the man,
And bee hee one Inthron'd in our highest grace,
Hee shall be thine to censure.

Isab. Take surveigh,

Make strickt inquiry, single men by men :
For mine owne part, so much I grieve thy losse,
And his base theft abhorre, that were't the man
Vpon whose shoulder wee did use to leane,
Severitie should judge him.

Helle. You are all gracious,
And Ile make bold to use the benefit
Of this your Clemency.

Ferr. Oh that some whistle-wind would but snatch mee up,
And beare me to a desert wilderness,
Where never man was knowne, to sunder mee
So farre, If not much further, from my shame.

Petr. Pray sir, why should this beautie trouble you ?

A Challenge for Deniall.

If one of your acquaintance.

Ferr. I hope Lady, you are not Iealous, are you?

Helle. Sir looke up : you are no whit like the man.

Bona. But shee the woman,

For whom the sword thus thirstes : is this a vision?

Orelse some waking dreame.

Helle. And have I found thee villaine? Think'st thou Majestie can be protection for a common thiefe?

This is that base felloniens impudente,

Shame to his Nation, scandall to his birth,

And a disgrace unto that Royall Court,

In which hee seemes protected.

Pine. Ha, who I?

Isabel. Pineda guilty; shall wee bolster thest,
And patronage dishonour.

Helle. Iustice Queene,

Iustice great sir, let not this hie tribunall,

So famous by that Virgin, sent from heaven,

That beares the sword and ballance, now be taxt

Of favour, or connivence.

Sebast. As wee hope,

To be held worthy of the Crowne wee weare,

Thou shalt not find us partiall.

Isabel. Hence from us,

For till thou canst approve thine Innocence,

And cleere this blacke aspersiō throwne on thee,

Wee heere abandon thee, to the severitie

Of the Lawes rigorous censure.

Pine. You amaze mee,

Nor know I what this meanes.

Helle. I challenge then this man for stealing from mee
The fellow to this slipper.

Pine. Of which crime,

I heere protest mee cleere : Name the time where.

Helle. That night, when I became thy Paramore,
brest thee, in these armes received thee

Into my free Imbraces, and imparted

The lavish store of such voluptuous sweetes,

I lent with all profuseness.

Pine. I doethis!

Madam, by all my favours stor'd in you,
I never look'd upon thar face till now;
Nor doe I know what this Imposture meanes.

Helle. What saith my Page to this?

Maid. That 'tis most false,
And what my Lady heere protests for true,
That, noble sir, I me witnesse, as a man
To all his vnjust actions accessary.

Centel. Produce mee as a party? May this presence,
And awesfull Throne, 'fore which I stand accus'd,
Pronounce mee as a man forsooke and lost,
If in the least of what these two suggest,
I have the smallest knowledge.

Sebast. Both wayes strange.

Pine. Bring mee incensure? by that royalty,
Beneath whose grace I breathe, shee is to mee
As foraine as an *Indian*: and her cause
As farre from my acquaintance: by my life,
Which ne're before a more Royall Court,
Could have bin call'd in question: what shee is,
I know not: of what Nation, birth, degree;
How, or from whence deriv'd, what continent,
Or from what place shee's come; shee may be *Turke*,
But *More* shee cannot bee, shee is so faire,
Shee's strange to me, yet somewhat should I say;
To brest with her, I might as well have done it
With a Beare, or *Lionnesse*: Madam with her
I vow I never did.

Helle. Give me thy oath of thar.

Pine. I can, and dare.

Cent. And I as willingly,
That I was never second to a man,
In any such false businesse.

Helle. Let them sweare. *Isabel.* They shall.

Pine. Wee will.

Bona. This is a conflict worse,

Then in the sad Duell'tweene death and life,
When neither's certaine, both in difficulty,
As it is now with me I pray ha done
That I were posted to your Country, there
To finish all my Travells.

Helle. Both have sworne :

And Princes, as you hope to crowne your heads
With that perpetuall wreath, which shall last ever,
Cast on a poore dejected innocent Virgine
Your eyes, of grace and pittie : what sinne is it ?
Or who can be the patron to such evill ?
That a poore innocent Maid, spotlesse in thought,
And pure in heart, borne without spleene and gall :
That never injur'd creature: never had heart
To thinke of wrong, or ponder injurie ;
That such a one in her white innocence,
Striving to live peculiar in the compasse
Of her owne vertues. Notwithstanding these
Should be sought out by strangers, persecuted
Made infamous, even there where she was made
For imitation, hift at in her Country,
Abandoned of her mother, kindred, friends :
Deprav'd in forren Climes, scorn'd every where,
And even in Princes Courts, reputed vile :
O pittie, pittie this.

Sebast. Thou speak'st Enigma's woman, and hast neede
To finde a *Sphinx* to explaine them.

Helle. Then behold,

The strangest calling impos'd on me
That ere was laid on Virgin ; I am shee
For whom this noble Sir hath undertooke,
And wrongly stands convicted, this that body
So stain'd and sullied by these barbarous tongues,
That even in scolding lies justice, for heav'n
Hath forc't them to sweare truth, they never saw me,
How am I then polluted gracious Queene ?
How can such finde competitours in vertue,
That will not give it countenance: had those murdered me,

As they have kild my fame and havock't that,
A pittied and crown'd martyr I had dy'de,
That am in censure now, a condemn'd heretick,
And meete Apostate to all woman-hood;
And what I ever made my President,
Sincerity and goodnesse : Villeines blush,
And Sir, out gaze their falshood, Queene bee just;
Least in the Ocean of that prize you steale,
You shipwracke all your glories.

Sebast. 'Tis most strange :

Isabel. We know you not,

Give us some lively instance, y'are the woman.

Helle. How should I know that Ring to be the same
Of which my credulous maide was by these two
Cheated and rob'd, most treacherously betrai'd;
That Carkanet you weare, peruse it well,
Hath both my name and picture. Markes sufficient
To prove me no impostor. Doth your guilt
Bow you so low already? let your penitence
There stay you, least your sinnes weight cleave the earth,
And sinke you downe to hell.

Bona. What prostrates them
Mounts me to expectations : my blest choyse,
Now I have seene thy apparant innocence,
Queene I shall die contented.

Isabel. Oh, till now,

I never thought to bee vanquish't.

Pin. Pox on that slipper.

Fer. Stand you all mute? then give me leave to speake.

Petr. Sir, what doth this concerne you?

Fer. Woman, peace.

Helle. Oh sir, you are my brother.

Fer. Strumpet hence,

Would I had never knowne thee, thou hast made mee
A forren scorne, and where I aime at honour
Most infamous and loath'd, this vitiated beauty
Even by her owne confession late deslowr'd
I beg from this most sacred Majesty,

To see severely chastis'd : being English
To have that English shame and punishment,
Due to the like offendours.

Sebast. Shee stands cleer'd
By her accusers silence.

Fer. This may be
A meere confederacy, but to my feares
At all no satisfaction, her owne tongue
Hath publish't her a mechall prostitute,
And that is my first truth.

Vall. I pray Sir,
What is this matchlesse beauty unto you,
Being already in your selfe engag'd
To this faire Creature, that this Strangers case
Should any way be yours.

Fer. Spaines admiration.
And wonder of a friend. I dare to you
Be plaine and serious : to all otherseares I
With my words lock't in silence : Oh, with shame
And infamy I speake it, desiring heaven
'T might be my last of speech, this thing, polluted
This (would I had ought elce to stile her by)
But needes out, out it must, she is my —— my Sister.

Vall. Flesh and blood ?

Fer. The same, Oh me, the same, my naturall Sister.

Vall. Father and mother ? *Fer.* So.

Vall. You are not honest,
And now no more my friend : I doe begin
To doubt you, nay, most hainously suspect you,
I scarce can thinke you a true morall man,
Much lesse Religious : *Ferrers* before these,
This Royall bench, either confesse thee mad,
Desperate, and quite given o're to callummie
Or in behalfe of this (I know not who)
I challenge thee the combat.

Fer. Oh, you are mine
And I vowed ever yours.

Vall. Come, no such thing.

Either pronounce this Lady innocent,
Or I denounce thee miscreant.

Man. Though I have stood
In silence all this while, yet in this cause
I, I my selfe am taxt: and to approve
This Ladies Beautie, vertue, chastity
I'll be this *Spanyard's* second.

Bona. I am wrongd,
And thou hast don't, try both, I should be first,
But be thou what thou canst be, he or thou,
So freely hath this Lady shew'd her selfe
Mine, so I now dare terme her, that in sight
Of spleene or envie's opposition;
It is a thing I doe desire to imbrace
And meet in violent lightnings: and then
I speake it, she is mine: and this encounter
Concernes me, onely me; who intercepts me
Is guilty of my challenge, his owne death,
Her injury, and my most just revenge.

Fer. Pray lets talke mildly:
And first to you, to whom my soule's ingag'd,
Why should you hazard such a precious life
For one by her owne language stands condemn'd.

Vall. Because she is thy Sister; and so well
I love thy merit that no new impression
Can sinke in me, that any of thy Line,
Can ever stand polluted: I have found thee
In all thy deeds so noble—

Fer. Oh you have moulded her
In me anew: and friend your confirmation,
I doe receive her perfect as the woman;
Whose acts are lawes, whose saying's Oracles,
And she was never truly mine, till now, so I receive her
from you. But I pray,
What might you be of whom I have deserv'd
So ill to make you my Antagonist?

Vall. Or why to me, to bee so deere a friend
As to become my second, since your face

A Challenge for Beauty.

I never saw till now. Man. Not Manburst?

Ferr. Friend! Man. Oh sir, you were my ransom.

Bonavi. I am wrapt:

*Spaine shew thy Iustice; now, where, or from whence
Canst thou desire so rare a president:*

Wouldst thou see Beauty? Looke upon that face:

Or Vertue? heere, see thy true Innocence,

Valour in him, true noblenesse in them all,

And happy them, that naked of all these,

Hath sent thee hither forraine presidents,

For instruction, and example.

Isabel. Now I yeeld:

And till now never; hence base sycophants,

I shall abjure you ever, Flattering glasses,

That gave mee a false face, but in this Christall,

I now behold mee truely, you are shee

By whom Ile henceforth dresse mee; and not weare

No hurt, of which you are not president;

Bee ever mine: next her, you that have travell'd

To fetch mee o're this Mirrour, which Ile casket,

As my best jwell: I now finde my selfe,

That to my selfe, was till this day unknown,

I have transgressed in that I sought to fleece

So pure a Diamond.

Sebast. Come, wee'll end all this:

First, Lady wee'll acquit your Jealousie,

She is his sister: Ferrers, wee shall ranke you

In as high grace, as you are in his love;

Nor have you Manburst, least exprest your selfe,

In gratitude to him, friendship to both;

You Bonavida wee restore, you stand

In the eye of our preferment: you wee admire:

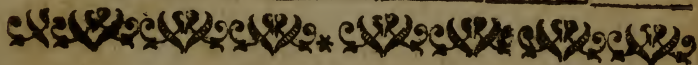
And thus conclude: Two Nations have contended

For brest and face, in you both these are ended. Exeunt.

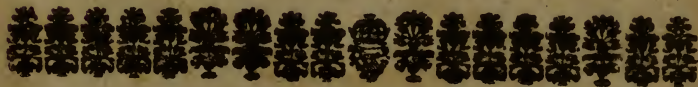
F I N I S.



The Epilogue.

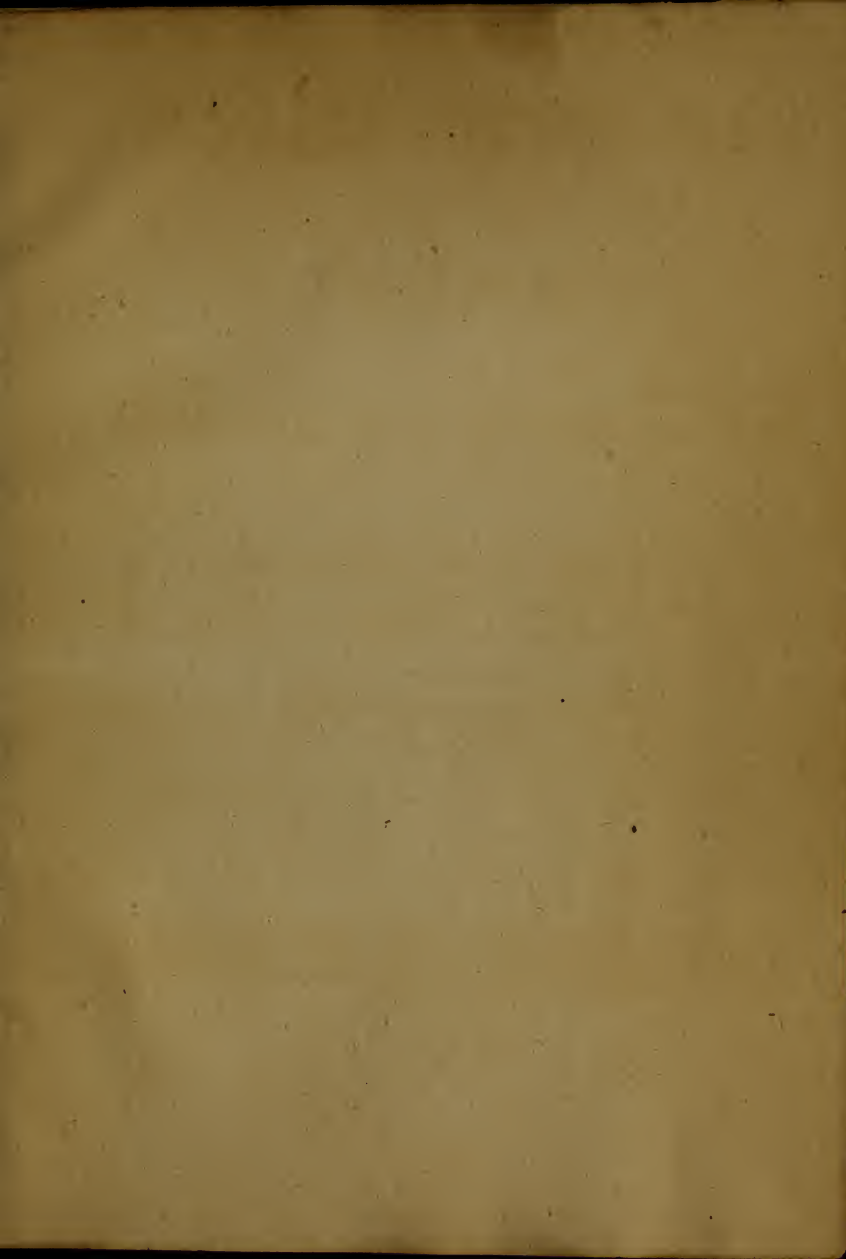


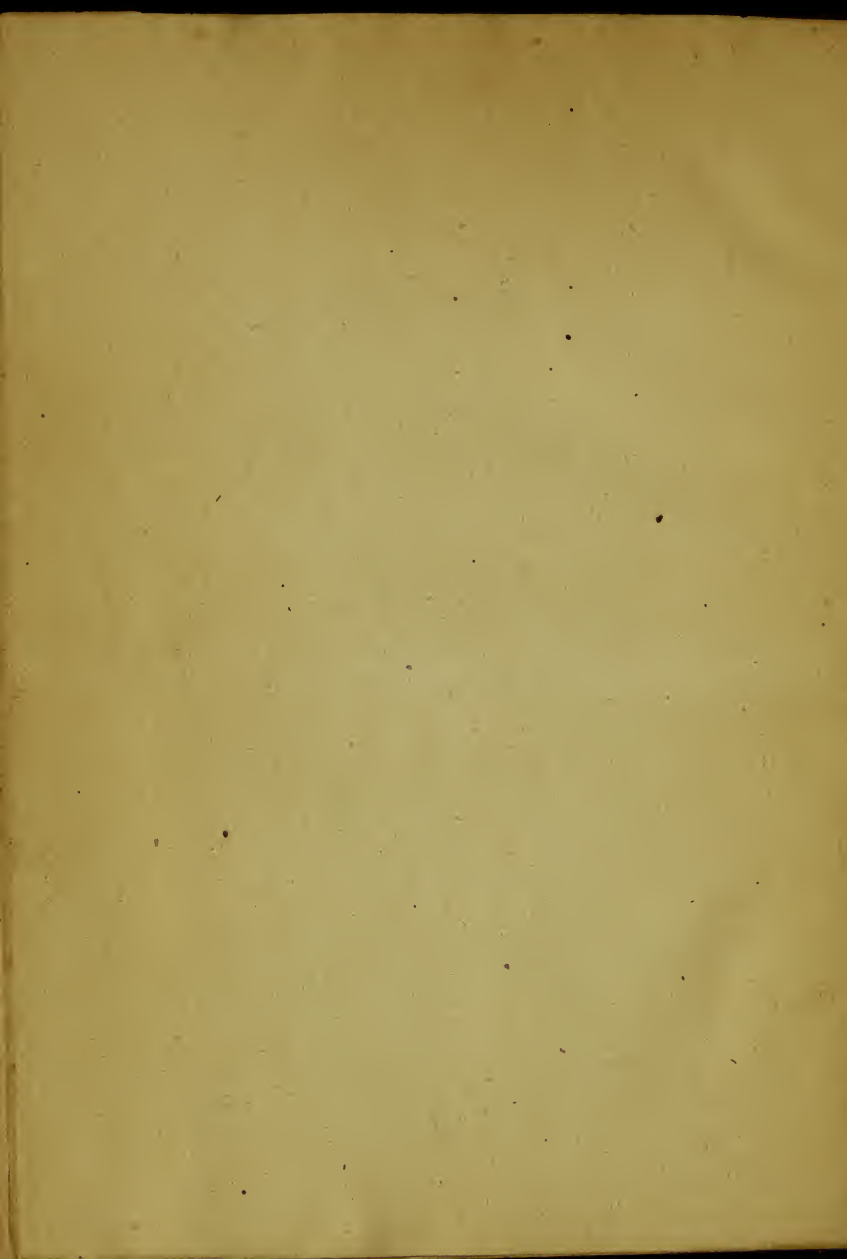
I*N battells, some men fall, others againe,
Come off with honor'd scarrs, wounded, not slaine,
In ship-wrack's, some sink, and are seene no more,
Others on Masts, and Planks, attaine the shore;
'Tis so 'twixt us and you; your Smile or Frowne,
Can save, or spill; to make us swimme, or drowne.*

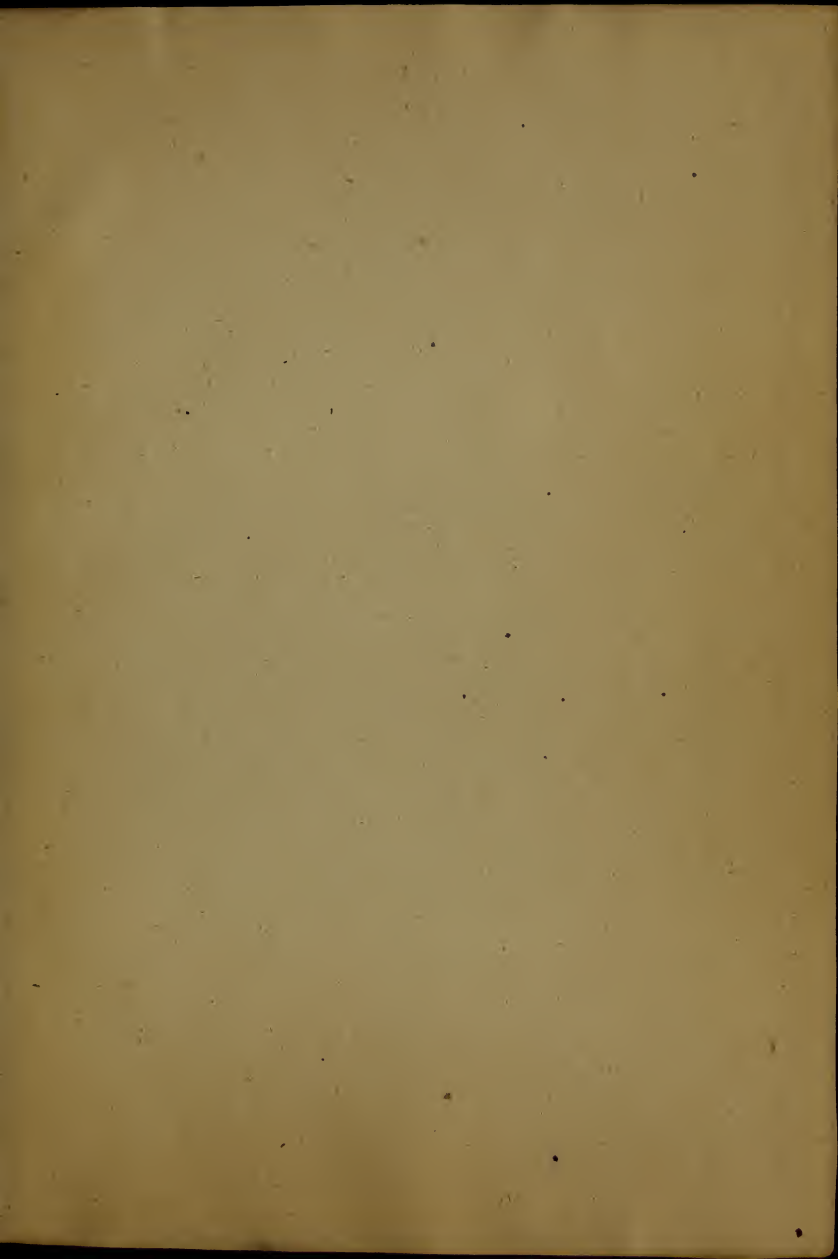


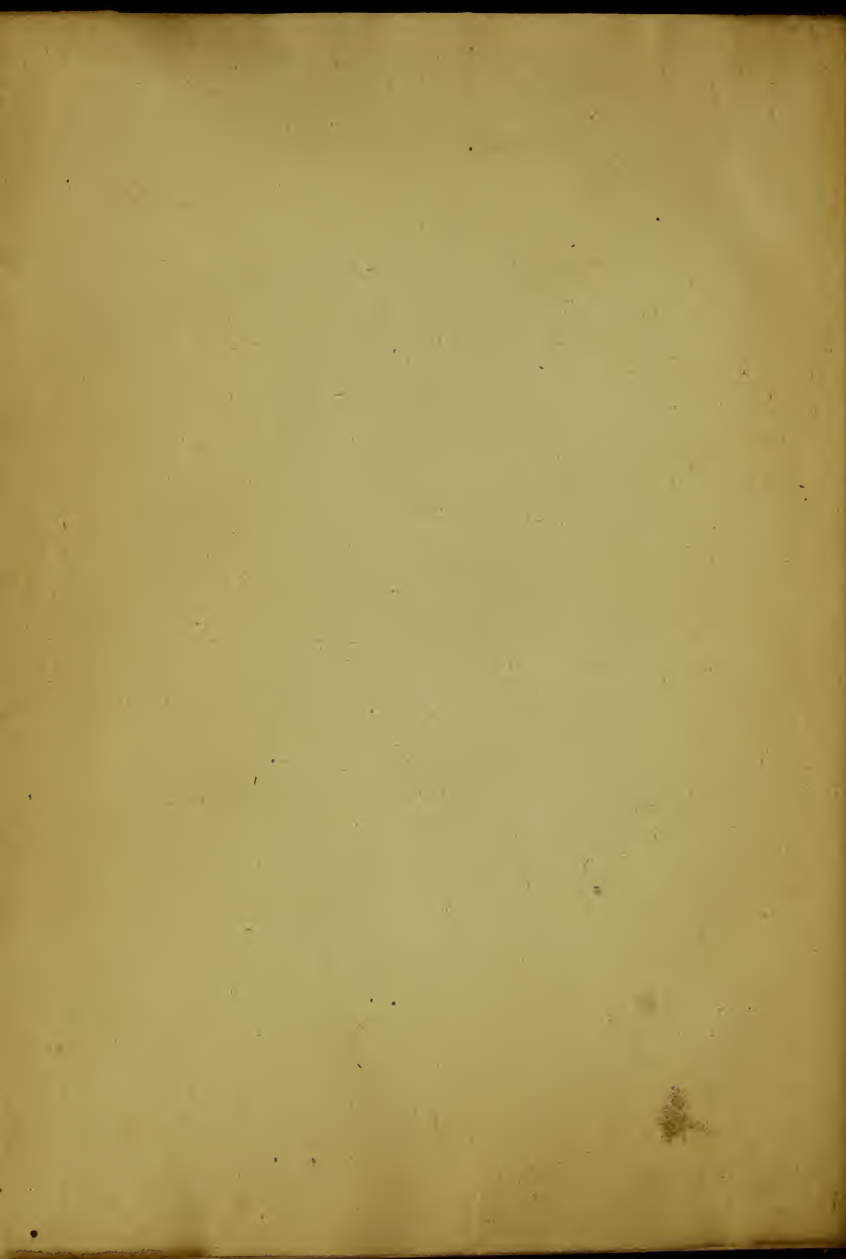
The Epilogue.

I have with honor's light surrounded me
To this my last, and last, and last, and last
Of this my last, and last, and last, and last
To this my last, and last, and last, and last
Of this my last, and last, and last, and last
To this my last, and last, and last, and last
Of this my last, and last, and last, and last
To this my last, and last, and last, and last









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